

THE GHOST WIFE

One day a beautiful young girl passed by the house of a rich lord, carrying in her arms a large basket of fruit. When she came near the house, she stopped, looked around her, her eyes filled with tears, and then, bowing her head low, she walked slowly away. The young lord, who was studying in his library, looked out of the window and, seeing her, was curious about the silent young girl who was apparently so full of fear.

On the second day he saw her again. As she reached the house of the young lord, she looked around her, her eyes full of grief and sadness, and then, as before, she went along her way, silent and mysterious. The young lord was more curious and puzzled. "Why is it," he said to himself, "that this young maid passes by my study each day with that sad look on her face: Can it be that she is frightened by something, that she is in danger?"

The more he thought of her, the more he wished to solve the mystery of the girl. He said to himself, "When she comes by my study tomorrow morning, I shall question her and then I shall find out." The next morning, at the usual hour, she came again, carrying her basket of fruits, and gazed around her with the frightened look that had aroused the curiosity of the young lord. She passed by the house and, at the moment when she was about to pass out of sight, the young lord came out of his study and approached her. He saw that she was fair, not outstandingly beautiful, but pretty in a girlish way. Taking hold of

her hands, he said to her, "I have watched you now for three mornings. For three mornings you have passed by my house and each time you have looked frightened and fearful. Tell me, of what are you afraid? Do tell me, for I can help you." When the girl heard this, she looked up into the face of the young lord, and seeing that he was kind, broke out crying and sobbing and for many moments was unable to control herself. When, at last, her outpouring of grief had ceased and she was somewhat calmed, the lord said, "Tell me now, for I can tell by your bitter weeping that you are in great suffering." To this the girl then made reply, "It is true that I am in great trouble. I have suffered all the abuse and all the beating that I can. I can endure no more. I am but a lonely girl working in the house of a rich lord and mistress. Since my parents sold me as a slave during the year of the great famine, I have known nothing but the torture of hard labor. My lord and mistress beat me constantly. No matter how hard I try to please them, they are never satisfied with my services. Lately they have been beating me oftener than usual, and I do not know what to do." Then the girl, as she finished speaking, broke out crying anew, and the young lord, deeply moved by her troubles, spoke to her as follows: "You cannot go back to the house of your lord and mistress. It would be better for you to stay in my study a while and make it your home, and I shall try to figure out what I can do to help you."

The girl, when she heard this, was at first quite unwilling to accept his offer but then, thinking again of the cruel treatment she had suffered in the house of her present lord and mistress, she finally

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acceded and addressed the young lord as follows: "There is nothing that I can do now but accept your offer and stay. I do not know how to repay you for your kindness." To this the young lord answered, "This is not my home, but a place where I study in my leisure time. Why do you not live here, you to be a wife to me and I, a husband to you?" The young girl was silent. However, rather than return to her life as a slave, she answered, "If you so wish, then let it be."

For one long month, so it seemed to her, she was in heaven. She was showered with adoration and affection, and she forgot that once she was a slave who had worked and sweated in the heat of a kitchen stove.

But this happiness was not to last long, for after he had been living with this girl for about a month, the young lord began to fall ill and, as the days went by, his face became more and more yellow until it was the color of that of a corpse. His flesh began to rot until he was nothing but bones. And he was utterly unable to understand the cause of the strange ailment that was afflicting him, for never before had he been sick.

Then one day while he was walking along the road, he came across an old man, and the old man on seeing him, stopped suddenly. "It is an evil thing that you have done," the old man said. "Now you are paying the heavy price of your infidelity to your real wife." Frightened, the young lord stared at the man. He pondered to himself, "How could such a man know that I have two wives? Is it possible that he is a man of wisdom?" So he turned to question the old man, but the old one was gone.

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On his way to his study the young lord began to wonder to himself. "What evil have I done? Is it that I am living with this girl and my wife does not know about it?" Then like a sudden stroke of lightning a thought rushed upon him. "Is it that this girl with whom I am living is an evil spirit?" More and more this thought took hold of him and as he came nearer to his study, he had a feeling that his suspicions were correct and that the girl was indeed a person of evil and mystery. As if to prove that his uncanny instinct was right, he found, on his arrival, that the outside door was barred. A cold fear gripped him as he remembered what the old man he had met on the road had told him.

Now he had come to his study many times before to find the door barred, but he had paid no attention to it as he had not been suspicious of his young wife. Now he did not knock as he had done before. Instead, he walked softly around the house until he reached the window of his chamber and there, hidden in the shadows of a large tree, he peered in. What he saw sent cold blood tingling through his body. A monstrous creature stood naked in the middle of the room, with long white hair streaming down her shoulders and reaching to the floor. Sharp teeth projected from her mouth and large hollow eyes, horrible to behold, emitted a steady glow of burning fire. Thin sharp nails shot forth from her fingertips like blades of steel.

Numb with indescribable horror, the young lord gazed and gazed, unable to believe that what he saw was real. Then the monster dipped a heavy pencil in a pot of ink and with it began to paint the features

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...reared in. What he saw sent cold blood through his body. A monstrous creature stood crouched in the middle of the room, with long white hair streaming down her shoulders and reaching to the floor. Sharp teeth projected from her mouth and large hollow eyes, horrible to behold, emitted a steady glow of burning fire. Thin sharp nails

of a human being on a piece of human skin. While the young lord looked, cold with sweat, upon this awful scene, he saw the creature pick up the painted human hide, deftly stretch it with clutching fingers, and slip it over her body, to which it fitted as neatly as a rubber glove. And then what, but a moment before had been a hideous creature, became the naked body of a young girl.

Too aghast to speak, and too perplexed even to believe what he had just witnessed, the young lord quickly left the house to search for the old man he had encountered on the road. At last he found him, and breathless, for he had wandered over all the village roads to seek him, he said, "Alas, O wise one, it is only too true what you have told me. My young wife is indeed a wild, evil creature. I have just found that out. You must aid me in whatever way you can to get rid of her." Thus did he plead and beg the wise one to help him.

When the old one saw the fear and horror written on the face of the young lord, he said kindly, "I am not certain that my power is really strong enough to overcome that which the monster possesses, but I shall do my best. Tonight do not go back to your study to see her but, instead, go and sleep with your first wife in your other true home. I shall give you some magic words written on special paper and these you are to paste on your door. I shall also give you a magic wand made of many horse-tails. This you must hang in your room. But you must realize, however, that I do not say that what I am giving you will work. All you can do is to follow my instructions and hope for the best."

The young lord was so horrified at the wild scene he had witnessed in his chamber that he answered quickly, "No matter now, give me the

words and the wand, and I shall do everything you tell me." So the wise one took out many pieces of special paper, and on them painted words which had power to frighten ghosts and evil spirits and drive them away. Then he made a wand of many horse-tails, and when at last he was finished, he gave them to the young lord. Before leaving, the latter said, "In case I should wish to see you, how can I find you?" The old one answered, "Go to the temple down the road and there I shall be whenever you need me."

The young lord hurried back to his home, far away from his study. As he entered his house, greatly troubled, his wife saw him and asked, worried, "You seem to have some trouble on your mind. What may it be?" Now all the time that he had been staying with his girl-wife, the young lord had not told his wife of what he was doing, but now, in this moment of terror, he freely confessed all to her. The wife listened attentively to all that was told and when at last he had finished talking, she said calmly, "But it is too fantastic to believe. You say a female monster?" But the young husband, afraid of the terror that might be upon him as night fell, replied impatiently, "Come, we must paste these words on the door of the bedroom and hang the magic wand near the bed."

When evening came, the young lord locked all the doors in the house and went to bed early. As hour after hour passed and midnight slowly approached, he lay awake, unable to sleep, overwhelmed by a strange sensation that something was about to happen. At the precise moment of midnight, a thundering, shattering knocking on the door broke the intense silence of the night. The young lord jumped up in his bed,

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listening. Then fearful that it was the female monster coming after him, he hid himself under the bed covers. As he did so, he heard the breaking of a lock and the loud sound of a heavy door slamming against the floor. Then the wife, awakened by the noise, turned to her husband, "What is all this noise outside our room? Get up and find out, for it might be a robber that has come to loot our house." The young lord, shivering with fear, answered weakly, "No, it is not that. I am sure that it is the female monster coming after me! Do go and look. I dare not venture out of this room." He looked at the end of the bed and seeing the magic wand still there, was somewhat eased in mind.

The wife, still thinking that the female creature existed only in the imagination of the young husband, approached the bedroom door and slowly opened it. To her surprise, she saw a young girl and, closing the door, said to her husband, "But it is only a girl. What great harm could she do to anyone?" And the husband, cold with fear, said in a low voice, "It is the monster then. Her girlish appearance is due to a human skin which is fitted over her monstrous body. Close the door, and when she sees the magic words there she will go away." Moving silently across the room, the wife locked the door. Frightened herself now, she crept back into bed. The house had become strangely still. No sound broke the silence. Then, without warning, the bedroom door suddenly burst open with a shrieking sound, and the hideous monster, in its original form, came rushing toward the bed. Dripping blood from its mouth, its fingers stretched forward, the creature flew across the room, with its long nails ripped open the chest of the young lord

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and snatched out his heart, liver and all the intestines from his body. This happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that the wife was not aware of the horrible scene she had witnessed until she looked at the bleeding body of the dead man. Only then did the truth dawn upon her.

When at last she realized the tragedy that had befallen her, she rushed to the next house where her brother lived and there, between sobs, cried out her awful story. Listening patiently, when his sister had finished, the brother spoke to her thus: "The only thing you can do is to go to the wise one and ask him to aid you. Do you know where he lives?" And the weeping wife replied, "My husband told me that the wise one lives in a temple on the road. I shall go to him at once and try to find some way whereby my husband can be brought back to life again." The brother, seeing that it was late at night, answered, "Wait till dawn, for the night is still inky black, and little can be accomplished now." Then the weeping wife returned to her home and weeping, sat by the bedside. At last there came the hour when the sun climbed over the dark hills and it was dawn. Although completely exhausted by her uninterrupted vigil, the wife prepared herself, nevertheless, to go to the temple. She put on her mourning clothes and went out.

Straight to the temple she directed her way, her heart heavy with grief and sadness. When she came to the temple door, she approached an old one who sat outside, and asked him, "Are you, perhaps, the wise one who warned my husband of the evil that was to come to him?" And the wise one looked up at the sad face of the suffering wife, and replied, "You are the wife of this man?" "I am, and I have come to you

for aid. The magic words and wand have failed to work, and now the monster has killed my husband. I beseech, Oh wise one, do everything in your power to restore him to life again." And saying this, she broke out weeping again, wailing her sorrow into the open air. The wise one, hearing what had befallen the man, was greatly moved and said, touching the shoulders of the bereaved woman, "Cease weeping, good woman, for weeping will not bring your husband back. I shall do my best to help you."

Then did the woman cease crying and brought the wise one back to her home. Leading him into the bedchamber, she showed him the dead body of her husband, It was a ghastly sight that the wise one beheld. On the bloody bed lay the body, cut open from the throat to the stomach. The wise one shook his head, "This monster is indeed a powerful one to be able to commit a crime as gruesome as this. Perhaps there is something, however, I can do to kill it, but again, I must tell you that I am not sure whether what I am to do will work or not. That chance must be taken." Then turning to the wife who was again sobbing at the bedside, the wise one said, "I want you to make inquiries at all the houses in the neighborhood and find out if any strangers have been there these last two days. After you have found out, come back in haste and inform me at once."

So the wife then went from one house to the other, and at last came to the one near the last road in the village. She knocked at the door and asked the person opening it, "Have any strangers been here recently asking for food or work?" The old woman who had opened the door answered immediately, "Why, a young girl has just come in.

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the door answered immediately, "Why, a young girl has just come in.

She is now in the kitchen eating." And the wife lowered her voice and said, "Speak not to anyone of what I have asked you. Act as though nothing has happened. Soon I shall be back." And she ran all the way back to her home and said to the wise one, "I have found her! Come before it is too late!" But the wise one answered, "Before I do that, there is something that I must first perform." And he asked for a glass of water. This was brought to him. Dipping a sword in the water, he wrote some magic words on a piece of cloth with it, and when he had finished he drank the water. Then he asked that another cloth be brought to him. On this he again wrote some magical words and dipped his sword in another glass of water. When he finished writing he said, "That cloth I shall burn," and he threw the cloth into a burning stove. "Now I am ready to go."

Going out of the door, he hastened to the house where the young girl was eating her rice. As he came to the door of that house, the wise one called out, "Come here, creature," and from the kitchen the young maid came forward as in a daze, and seeing the wise one, bowed down low. Raising his sword, The wise one let fall a heavy blow and instantly she vanished in smoke. When the smoke had disappeared, there lay a pile of ashes on the floow. These the wise one gathered together. Then he took out a hollow bamboo pole, closed on both ends, and opened one end of it. As if by some mysterious power the ashes were drawn into the bamboo tube. When every bit of ash was thus sucked in, the wise one sealed the tube with magic paper and said to the wife, who had been watching the scene with unbelieving eyes, "The female monster is no more now. She is dead." And the wife replied, "Yes, she is

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"Gone before it is too late!" But the wise one answered, "Before I do that, there is something that I must first perform." Then he asked for a glass of water. This was brought to him. Blowing a second in the water, he wrote some magic words on a piece of cloth with it, and when he had finished he drank the water. Then he asked the other

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dead. So is my man. Is there not something that you can do to bring him back to me?" And the wise one said, "I have gone to the limit of my power. That is all that I can do. However, if you want to bring your husband back to life there is one more thing you can try. There lives a man in a village far beyond here who possesses great power. It is not often that he consents to aid anyone. If you can persuade him to help you, perhaps he may be able to restore your husband to life again. I do not promise that he will do it or, in fact, that he can. I am saying simply that he might consent to try. He is a poor man, a crazy man, who sleeps in the gutters of the streets, who wears the most ragged of clothes, who decorates his head with wild flowers and sings and chants all the time as he goes along. You cannot miss him. Go then to him if you so wish; find him and tell him your story. He may help you. I have to warn you now that he may subject you to many humiliating acts. If you wish his aid, you will have to obey him and do what he tells you to do. Now, do you understand?" Without any hesitation whatsoever the wife answered, "I will go at once and I shall do whatever I am told to do. I must save my husband."

Immediately she made her way back to her home and prepared herself for the journey to the distant village. One day and one night she traveled on, and at last she came to the village where the crazy man lived. She set out at once to find him. She looked here, there and everywhere, but she could not locate him. Then one afternoon, weary and disappointed at her failure to accomplish her purpose, she heard a loud voice singing behind her, and the laughter of many of the village people. Only then did she know that at last it was he, the person

she so desired to see. She turned around and there she saw him, a tall man of wild appearance, a leering smile on his face and wild flowers in his hair. He swung his long legs as he walked, singing, waving his hands, and laughing to himself when he ceased singing.

The woman knew that he was the one she was looking for and becoming bold, although actually she was afraid of his wild ways, she approached him and said timidly, "I have come to you for aid. I have journeyed far from my own village and you must help me." The crazy man looked at the woman with a lustful stare and, breaking into a broad guffaw, shouted, "Ah, you are indeed a pretty little thing! Ha! ha!" The wife was frightened and started to run away, but remembering her dead husband, stopped and returned to the man who continued to stare at her. "I am in great trouble," she said seriously, "and you are the only one who can help me." The crazy man paid no attention at all to what she said, but stroked her breast and fondled her. "I may help you," he said at last, running his hand over her body, "and then, again, I may not." And he laughed again. The woman did not go away and endured all that the man did to her.

She pleaded with him for hours and at the end he said, "I will aid you, provided that you do three things. First, stay with me for one night and be my wife. Second, let me hold you in my arms and thus walk with you all around the village streets. Third, I will cough up a ball of blood and phlegm and you must swallow it. After you have done all this, then will I help you." Now when the wife heard what he demanded her heart sank. Far be it from her to be unfaithful to her dead husband. Yet she was willing to consent to do even this if it

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you, provided that you do three things. First, stay with me for one
night and be my wife. Second, let me hold you in my arms and that
walk with you all around the village streets. Third, I will cough up
a ball of blood and poison and you must swallow it. After you have
done all this, then will I help you." And when the wife heard what he
demanded, she was willing to consent to do even this if it

would bring him back to her. The second request she knew she could do. But the third she felt she could not go through with, so she said, "I am willing to do all you ask except swallow what you cough up. To ask me to do that is demanding too much." And the crazy man said, "Well, if you do not want me to help you, go back home." And then the wife looked up at the sky and said, "The sky is my witness. I am doing this not because of my own wish but because of love of my husband. If I should die, the sky will likewise know that I have been a good wife."

Then she began to weep again. At this moment the man began to cough furiously and suddenly he spat out a big ball of blood and phlegm, and then, holding it in his hand, dripping, he said to the weeping woman, laughing all the while, "Swallow it! Eat it! Ha! ha!" And when the wife looked at this awful clot of mucus she felt sick, but then, closing her eyes, bravely she swallowed the whole thing. The crazy man laughed hysterically, and ran up the street and disappeared, guffawing with laughter. When at last he was lost to view the wife knew that she had been the victim of a jest. Completely discouraged at her failure to get the man to aid her, she made her way back to the village and when at last she had come to her home, she went into the chamber and sitting by the bedside of the dead man, cried out, "I have tried in every way to save you, O dear husband, but I have failed. Although I promised the crazy man that I would be his wife for one night, yet I did not do it. And neither did I go around the village held in his arms. But I swallowed a ball of blood and phlegm and now I am sick.

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I did not do it. And neither did I go around the village bald in this

state. But I swallowed a ball of blood and phlegm and now I am sick.

For many hours she sat there weeping and then she was terribly sick. Suddenly from her mouth there dropped a bulky substance directly into the open body of the dead man. The corpse began to move and the wife looked on, tearfully happy, yet greatly frightened, for she could not understand the sudden life that had come to the corpse. Then she saw that the heart was in the body and she knew that what had just come from her mouth was the heart of her husband. She bent over close to his body and said joyously, while tears dropped from her eyes, "The crazy man did aid me after all. What I swallowed was really your heart, and now you are alive again."

Three days, three nights, the husband moved and writhed in his bed and on the fourth night he began to regain consciousness. The wife cared for the sick man and fed him with pure cool water. When he was completely well, the wife was happy again and often, looking up at the sky, she said, "I bless the man who made it possible for my husband to recover." And she thought of the crazy man and how close she had come to dishonoring herself because of her love for her young husband.

The sick man got well and to the end of his days, he never again let his eyes wander on beautiful girls. One experience with a phantom wife had convinced him that his own wife was the only one he needed.

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THE GHOST WIFE

One day a beautiful young girl passed by the house of a rich lord, carrying in her arms a large basket of fruit. When she came near the house, she stopped, looked around her, her eyes filled with tears, and then, bowing her head low, she walked slowly away. The young lord, who was studying in his library, looked out of the window and, seeing her, was curious about the silent young girl who was apparently so full of fear.

On the second day he saw her again. As she reached the house of the young lord, she looked around her, her eyes full of grief and sadness, and then, as before, she went along her way, silent and mysterious. The young lord was more curious and puzzled. "Why is it," he said to himself, "that this young maid passes by my study each day with that sad look on her face: Can it be that she is frightened by something, that she is in danger?"

The more he thought of her, the more he wished to solve the mystery of the girl. He said to himself, "When she comes by my study tomorrow morning, I shall question her and then I shall find out." The next morning, at the usual hour, she came again, carrying her basket of fruits, and gazed around her with the frightened look that had aroused the curiosity of the young lord. She passed by the house and, at the moment when she was about to pass out of sight, the young lord came out of his study and approached her. He saw that she was fair, not outstandingly beautiful, but pretty in a girlish way. Taking hold of

her hands, he said to her, "I have watched you now for three mornings. For three mornings you have passed by my house and each time you have looked frightened and fearful. Tell me, of what are you afraid? Do tell me, for I can help you." When the girl heard this, she looked up into the face of the young lord, and seeing that he was kind, broke out crying and sobbing and for many moments was unable to control herself. When, at last, her outpouring of grief had ceased and she was somewhat calmed, the lord said, "Tell me now, for I can tell by your bitter weeping that you are in great suffering." To this the girl then made reply, "It is true that I am in great trouble. I have suffered all the abuse and all the beating that I can. I can endure no more. I am but a lonely girl working in the house of a rich lord and mistress. Since my parents sold me as a slave during the year of the great famine, I have known nothing but the torture of hard labor. My lord and mistress beat me constantly. No matter how hard I try to please them, they are never satisfied with my services. Lately they have been beating me oftener than usual, and I do not know what to do." Then the girl, as she finished speaking, broke out crying anew, and the young lord, deeply moved by her troubles, spoke to her as follows: "You cannot go back to the house of your lord and mistress. It would be better for you to stay in my study a while and make it your home, and I shall try to figure out what I can do to help you."

The girl, when she heard this, was at first quite unwilling to accept his offer but then, thinking again of the cruel treatment she had suffered in the house of her present lord and mistress, she finally

acceded and addressed the young lord as follows: "There is nothing that I can do now but accept your offer and stay. I do not know how to repay you for your kindness." To this the young lord answered, "This is not my home, but a place where I study in my leisure time. Why do you not live here, you to be a wife to me and I, a husband to you?" The young girl was silent. However, rather than return to her life as a slave, she answered, "If you so wish, then let it be."

For one long month, so it seemed to her, she was in heaven. She was showered with adoration and affection, and she forgot that once she was a slave who had worked and sweated in the heat of a kitchen stove.

But this happiness was not to last long, for after he had been living with this girl for about a month, the young lord began to fall ill and, as the days went by, his face became more and more yellow until it was the color of that of a corpse. His flesh began to rot until he was nothing but bones. And he was utterly unable to understand the cause of the strange ailment that was afflicting him, for never before had he been sick.

Then one day while he was walking along the road, he came across an old man, and the old man on seeing him, stopped suddenly. "It is an evil thing that you have done," the old man said. "Now you are paying the heavy price of your infidelity to your real wife." Frightened, the young lord stared at the man. He pondered to himself, "How could such a man know that I have two wives? Is it possible that he is a man of wisdom?" So he turned to question the old man, but the old one was gone.

On his way to his study the young lord began to wonder to himself. "What evil have I done? Is it that I am living with this girl and my wife does not know about it?" Then like a sudden stroke of lightning a thought rushed upon him. "Is it that this girl with whom I am living is an evil spirit?" More and more this thought took hold of him and as he came nearer to his study, he had a feeling that his suspicions were correct and that the girl was indeed a person of evil and mystery. As if to prove that his uncanny instinct was right, he found, on his arrival, that the outside door was barred. A cold fear gripped him as he remembered what the old man he had met on the road had told him.

Now he had come to his study many times before to find the door barred, but he had paid no attention to it as he had not been suspicious of his young wife. Now he did not knock as he had done before. Instead, he walked softly around the house until he reached the window of his chamber and there, hidden in the shadows of a large tree, he peered in. What he saw sent cold blood tingling through his body. A monstrous creature stood naked in the middle of the room, with long white hair streaming down her shoulders and reaching to the floor. Sharp teeth projected from her mouth and large hollow eyes, horrible to behold, emitted a steady glow of burning fire. Thin sharp nails shot forth from her fingertips like blades of steel.

And with indescribable horror, the young lord gazed and gazed, unable to believe that what he saw was real. Then the monster dipped a heavy pencil in a pot of ink and with it began to paint the features

of a human being on a piece of human skin. While the young lord looked, cold with sweat, upon this awful scene, he saw the creature pick up the painted human hide, deftly stretch it with clutching fingers, and slip it over her body, to which it fitted as neatly as a rubber glove. And then what, but a moment before had been a hideous creature, became the naked body of a young girl.

Too aghast to speak, and too perplexed even to believe what he had just witnessed, the young lord quickly left the house to search for the old man he had encountered on the road. At last he found him, and breathless, for he had wandered over all the village roads to seek him, he said, "Alas, O wise one, it is only too true what you have told me. My young wife is indeed a wild, evil creature. I have just found that out. You must aid me in whatever way you can to get rid of her." Thus did he plead and beg the wise one to help him.

When the old one saw the fear and horror written on the face of the young lord, he said kindly, "I am not certain that my power is really strong enough to overcome that which the monster possesses, but I shall do my best. Tonight do not go back to your study to see her but, instead, go and sleep with your first wife in your other true home. I shall give you some magic words written on special paper and these you are to paste on your door. I shall also give you a magic wand made of many horse-tails. This you must hang in your room. But you must realize, however, that I do not say that what I am giving you will work. All you can do is to follow my instructions and hope for the best."

The young lord was so horrified at the wild scene he had witnessed in his chamber that he answered quickly, "No matter now, give me the

words and the wand, and I shall do everything you tell me." So the wise one took out many pieces of special paper, and on them painted words which had power to frighten ghosts and evil spirits and drive them away. Then he made a wand of many horse-tails, and when at last he was finished, he gave them to the young lord. Before leaving, the latter said, "In case I should wish to see you, how can I find you?" The old one answered, "Go to the temple down the road and there I shall be whenever you need me."

The young lord hurried back to his home, far away from his study. As he entered his house, greatly troubled, his wife saw him and asked, worried, "You seem to have some trouble on your mind. What may it be?" Now all the time that he had been staying with his girl-wife, the young lord had not told his wife of what he was doing, but now, in this moment of terror, he freely confessed all to her. The wife listened attentively to all that was told and when at last he had finished talking, she said calmly, "But it is too fantastic to believe. You say a female monster?" But the young husband, afraid of the terror that might be upon him as night fell, replied impatiently, "Come, we must paste these words on the door of the bedroom and hang the magic wand near the bed."

When evening came, the young lord locked all the doors in the house and went to bed early. As hour after hour passed and midnight slowly approached, he lay awake, unable to sleep, overwhelmed by a strange sensation that something was about to happen. At the precise moment of midnight, a thundering, shattering knocking on the door broke the intense silence of the night. The young lord jumped up in his bed,

listening. Then fearful that it was the female monster coming after him, he hid himself under the bed covers. As he did so, he heard the breaking of a lock and the loud sound of a heavy door slamming against the floor. Then the wife, awakened by the noise, turned to her husband, "What is all this noise outside our room? Get up and find out, for it might be a robber that has come to loot our house." The young lord, shivering with fear, answered weakly, "No, it is not that. I am sure that it is the female monster coming after me! Do go and look. I dare not venture out of this room." He looked at the end of the bed and seeing the magic wand still there, was somewhat eased in mind.

The wife, still thinking that the female creature existed only in the imagination of the young husband, approached the bedroom door and slowly opened it. To her surprise, she saw a young girl and, closing the door, said to her husband, "But it is only a girl. What great harm could she do to anyone?" And the husband, cold with fear, said in a low voice, "It is the monster then. Her girlish appearance is due to a human skin which is fitted over her monstrous body. Close the door, and when she sees the magic words there she will go away." Moving silently across the room, the wife locked the door. Frightened herself now, she crept back into bed. The house had become strangely still. No sound broke the silence. Then, without warning, the bedroom door suddenly burst open with a shrieking sound, and the hideous monster, in its original form, came rustling toward the bed. Draining blood from its mouth, its fingers stretched forward, the creature flew across the room, with its long nails ripped open the chest of the young lord

and snatched out his heart, liver and all the intestines from his body. This happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that the wife was not aware of the horrible scene she had witnessed until she looked at the bleeding body of the dead man. Only then did the truth dawn upon her.

When at last she realized the tragedy that had befallen her, she rushed to the next house where her brother lived and there, between sobs, cried out her awful story. Listening patiently, when his sister had finished, the brother spoke to her thus: "The only thing you can do is to go to the wise one and ask him to aid you. Do you know where he lives?" And the weeping wife replied, "My husband told me that the wise one lives in a temple on the road. I shall go to him at once and try to find some way whereby my husband can be brought back to life again." The brother, seeing that it was late at night, answered, "Wait till dawn, for the night is still inky black, and little can be accomplished now." Then the weeping wife returned to her home and weeping, sat by the bedside. At last there came the hour when the sun climbed over the dark hills and it was dawn. Although completely exhausted by her uninterrupted vigil, the wife prepared herself, nevertheless, to go to the temple. She put on her mourning clothes and went out.

Straight to the temple she directed her way, her heart heavy with grief and sadness. When she came to the temple door, she approached an old one who sat outside, and asked him, "Are you, perhaps, the wise one who warned my husband of the evil that was to come to him?" And the wise one looked up at the sad face of the suffering wife, and replied, "You are the wife of this man?" "I am, and I have come to you

for aid. The magic words and wand have failed to work, and now the monster has killed my husband. I beseech, oh wise one, do everything in your power to restore him to life again." And saying this, she broke out weeping again, wailing her sorrow into the open air. The wise one, hearing what had befallen the man, was greatly moved and said, touching the shoulders of the bereaved woman, "Cease weeping, good woman, for weeping will not bring your husband back. I shall do my best to help you."

Then did the woman cease crying and brought the wise one back to her home. Leading him into the bedchamber, she showed him the dead body of her husband. It was a ghastly sight that the wise one beheld. On the bloody bed lay the body, cut open from the throat to the stomach. The wise one shook his head, "This monster is indeed a powerful one to be able to commit a crime as gruesome as this. Perhaps there is something, however, I can do to kill it, but again, I must tell you that I am not sure whether what I am to do will work or not. That chance must be taken." Then turning to the wife who was again sobbing at the bedside, the wise one said, "I want you to make inquiries at all the houses in the neighborhood and find out if any strangers have been there these last two days. After you have found out, come back in haste and inform me at once."

So the wife then went from one house to the other, and at last came to the one near the last road in the village. She knocked at the door and asked the person opening it, "Have any strangers been here recently asking for food or work?" The old woman who had opened the door answered immediately, "Why, a young girl has just come in."

She is now in the kitchen eating." And the wife lowered her voice and said, "Speak not to anyone of what I have asked you. Act as though nothing has happened. Soon I shall be back." And she ran all the way back to her home and said to the wise one, "I have found her! Come before it is too late!" But the wise one answered, "Before I do that, there is something that I must first perform." And he asked for a glass of water. This was brought to him. Dipping a sword in the water, he wrote some magic words on a piece of cloth with it, and when he had finished he drank the water. Then he asked that another cloth be brought to him. In this he again wrote some magical words and dipped his sword in another glass of water. When he finished writing he said, "That cloth I shall burn," and he threw the cloth into a burning stove. "Now I am ready to go."

Going out of the door, he hastened to the house where the young girl was eating her rice. As he came to the door of that house, the wise one called out, "Come here, creature," and from the kitchen the young maid came forward as in a daze, and seeing the wise one, bowed down low. Raising his sword, the wise one let fall a heavy blow and instantly she vanished in smoke. When the smoke had disappeared, there lay a pile of ashes on the floor. These the wise one gathered together. Then he took out a hollow bamboo pole, closed on both ends, and opened one end of it. As if by some mysterious power the ashes were drawn into the bamboo tube. When every bit of ash was thus sucked in, the wise one sealed the tube with magic paper and said to the wife, who had been watching the scene with unbelieving eyes, "The female monster is no more now. She is dead." And the wife replied, "Yes, she is

dead. So is my man. Is there not something that you can do to bring him back to me?" And the wise one said, "I have gone to the limit of my power. That is all that I can do. However, if you want to bring your husband back to life there is one more thing you can try. There lives a man in a village far beyond here who possesses great power. It is not often that he consents to aid anyone. If you can persuade him to help you, perhaps he may be able to restore your husband to life again. I do not promise that he will do it or, in fact, that he can. I am saying simply that he might consent to try. He is a poor man, a crazy man, who sleeps in the gutters of the streets, who wears the most ragged of clothes, who decorates his head with wild flowers and sings and chants all the time as he goes along. You cannot miss him. Go then to him if you so wish; find him and tell him your story. He may help you. I have to warn you now that he may subject you to many humiliating acts. If you wish his aid, you will have to obey him and do what he tells you to do. Now, do you understand?" Without any hesitation whatsoever the wife answered, "I will go at once and I shall do whatever I am told to do. I must save my husband."

Immediately she made her way back to her home and prepared herself for the journey to the distant village. One day and one night she traveled on, and at last she came to the village where the crazy man lived. She set out at once to find him. She looked here, there and everywhere, but she could not locate him. Then one afternoon, weary and disappointed at her failure to accomplish her purpose, she heard a loud voice singing behind her, and the laughter of many of the village people. Only then did she know that at last it was he, the person

she so desired to see. She turned around and there she saw him, a tall man of wild appearance, a leering smile on his face and wild flowers in his hair. He swung his long legs as he walked, singing, waving his hands, and laughing to himself when he ceased singing.

The woman knew that he was the one she was looking for and becoming bold, although actually she was afraid of his wild ways, she approached him and said timidly, "I have come to you for aid. I have journeyed far from my own village and you must help me." The crazy man looked at the woman with a lustful stare and, breaking into a broad guffaw, shouted, "Ah, you are indeed a pretty little thing! Ha! ha!" The wife was frightened and started to run away, but remembering her dead husband, stopped and returned to the man who continued to stare at her. "I am in great trouble," she said seriously, "and you are the only one who can help me." The crazy man paid no attention at all to what she said, but stroked her breast and fondled her. "I may help you," he said at last, running his hand over her body, "and then, again, I may not." And he laughed again. The woman did not go away and endured all that the man did to her.

She pleaded with him for hours and at the end he said, "I will aid you, provided that you do three things. First, stay with me for one night and be my wife. Second, let me hold you in my arms and thus walk with you all around the village streets. Third, I will cough up a ball of blood and phlegm and you must swallow it. After you have done all this, then will I help you." Now when the wife heard what he demanded her heart sunk. Far be it from her to be unfaithful to her dead husband. Yet she was willing to consent to do even this if it

would bring him back to her. The second request she knew she could do. But the third she felt she could not go through with, so she said, "I am willing to do all you ask except swallow what you cough up. To ask me to do that is demanding too much." And the crazy man said, "Well, if you do not want me to help you, go back home." And then the wife looked up at the sky and said, "The sky is my witness. I am doing this not because of my own wish but because of love of my husband. If I should die, the sky will likewise know that I have been a good wife."

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THE MAN-EATING SNAKE

Once upon a time there was a snake who ate nothing but human beings. This snake was possessed of magic power, for he could change himself into a man whenever he wished. And as he walked about and spoke to people, all those who answered, whether they knew it or not, were doomed to be eaten by the snake. After a while all the people of the countryside came to know about him and to fear his power.

One night a traveler, a stranger to the district, was walking along the road when suddenly he heard a voice calling his name. He answered and then saw a man approaching. Before he could reach him, the man had disappeared. Wondering at so strange an occurrence, the traveler continued his journey until he came to an inn. There he asked for a lodging.

"Did a strange man call your name as you came along the road just now?" asked the innkeeper.

"Yes," replied the traveler, "why?"

"Then you cannot have a room," the innkeeper said.

"Why can I not have a room?"

"Because the voice you heard calling your name is not that of a man but of a man-eating snake. Those who answer its call on the road are doomed to be eaten on that very night," explained the innkeeper.

As the stranger and the innkeeper were thus conversing, a monk who had joined them, suddenly interrupted and said to the landlord, "Let

the stranger have a room. The snake will not harm him. I can assure you of that."

The innkeeper looked closely at the monk and recognized who he was, although he did not know that he had been sent down from heaven specifically to rid the world of the evil thing infesting it.

Then addressing the traveler, the monk said, "Take this and put it under your pillow tonight and when you hear a loud rattle be sure to pull the pillow away quickly before it is too late."

"I shall remember everything you have told me and do exactly as you say," promised the stranger.

That night he lay down to sleep, shaking and trembling with fright. He carefully placed the monk's packet under his pillow. Again and again he thought he heard a rattling only to discover that it was his own fear. After a while he fell asleep.

When the stranger was asleep, the snake, as was his custom, changed himself into a small worm in order to enter the house unseen. Then, when he reached the traveler's room he changed himself again into a man-eating snake. Suddenly there was a loud rattle under the sleeping traveler's pillow. He awoke with a start and saw a huge snake close to him. Quickly he pulled away the pillow and out flew a small bird who immediately attacked the snake. A tremendous battle ensued, first in the room and then on the roof. In the end the snake was killed, its soul was recaptured by the monk and the traveler's life was spared.

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"Then you cannot have a room," the innkeeper said.

"Why can I not have a room?"

"Because the voice you heard calling your name is not that of a man but of a man-eating snake. Those who answer its call on the road are doomed to be eaten on that very night," explained the innkeeper.

As the stranger and the innkeeper were thus conversing, a monk who had joined them, suddenly interrupted and said to the landlord, "let

the stranger have a room. The snake will not harm him. I can assure you of that."

The innkeeper looked closely at the monk and recognized who he was, although he did not know that he had been sent down from heaven specifically to rid the world of the evil thing infecting it.

Then addressing the traveler, the monk said, "Take this and put it under your pillow tonight and when you hear a loud rattle be sure to pull the pillow away quickly before it is too late."

"I shall remember everything you have told me and do exactly as you say," promised the stranger.

That night he lay down to sleep, shaking and trembling with fright. He carefully placed the monk's packet under his pillow. Again and again he thought he heard a rattling only to discover that it was his own fear. After a while he fell asleep.

When the stranger was asleep, the snake, as was his custom, changed himself into a small worm in order to enter the house unseen. Then, when he reached the traveler's room he changed himself again into a man-eating snake. Suddenly there was a loud rattle under the sleeping traveler's pillow. He awoke with a start and saw a huge snake close to him. Quickly he pulled away the pillow and out flew a small bird who immediately attacked the snake. A tremendous battle ensued, first in the room and then on the roof. In the end the snake was killed, its goal was recaptured by the monk and the traveler's life was spared.

THE HUNTER AND THE SNAKE

A hunter once was wandering in the woods searching for wild game, when he suddenly came upon a large poisonous snake lying on the road. Angered at being disturbed, the snake shot out its fangs, determined to kill the hunter who had aroused it from its slumber. But the hunter was skilled in the ways of the forest, and when the snake was about to strike the fatal blow, took out his hunting knife and with a heavy blow cut the snake in half. Certain that the snake could not survive, he continued on his way.

But the snake, although cut in two, was not entirely dead, for there was still life in the upper part of its body which struggled along the best it could. With only a few breaths remaining the severed snake made up its mind to kill the hunter.

"I shall kill him," thought the snake. "He will die in a more painful way than I am now dying." The half-snake wriggled along the ground, fired by a lust for revenge, and made straight for the home of the hunter. Panting for life, it fought on. The blood on the open wound coagulated as it became mixed with the dirt on the road and formed a ball which became larger and larger as the snake struggled onward.

While the snake was going toward his home, the hunter, of course, was unaware that it was still alive. He wandered farther into the interior of the forest. In the thickest part of the woods he came

across an old woman sitting in the road. She looked up at him and pleaded in a tired voice, "Please, kind one, spare a little money for a poor one like me."

Looking at the poor woman, the hunter had pity on her and he took out many pieces of silver. He handed them to her and said, "Here, old one, take them and use them well." The old one began to weep and then she said, "Indeed, kind sir, you are a good man. No harm shall ever come to you." And saying this, the old woman moved into the thick shadows and was lost to view.

Taking leave of the old woman, the hunter journeyed on. All day he searched for game, but there was none that he could find. When evening drew near, the hunter, disappointed and weary, started for home. A whole day of hunting was wasted and he had killed only a snake.

Now the snake, almost dead from weakness, had reached the home of the hunter and had wriggled itself into the house through a small opening in the wall. But that was as far as it could go, for the ball of dirt on the end of its body was too large to ease through the opening. "When the hunter comes back I shall kill him," the snake pondered, its poisonous fangs flashing, and it waited for the kill.

When the hunter reached home he saw the ball of dirt on the wall of the house and he wondered to himself, "Now what could that be?" Moving cautiously, he came close, but still could not make out what it was. Suspecting something strange, he drew out his knife, prepared

an old woman sitting in the road. She looked up at him and
laughed in a tired voice, "Please, kind one, spare a little money for
a poor one like me."

Looking at the poor woman, the hunter had pity on her and he took
out his wallet. "Here, take this," he said, "it will help you.
I am sorry you are so poor. I will give you more if I see you again."
Then she said, "Indeed, kind sir, you are a good man. No harm shall
ever come to you." And saying this, the old woman moved into the thick
shadow and was lost to view.

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night came, he found a small hut in the forest. He went in and
found a whole day of hunting was wasted and he had killed only a

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snake pondered, its poisonous fangs flashing, and it waited for the

hunter to come back. He saw the ball of dirt on the wall
of the house and he wondered to himself, "How what could that be?"
He went. Something strange, he drew out his knife, prepared

for whatever emergency might come. Then, with a sudden sweep of his hands, he grabbed the ball of dirt and pulled the snake from its hiding place. The snake, becoming fully alive for one brief moment, fought with all its strength, twisting its half-body to strike a fatal blow. Just as it was about to strike, the hunter brought down his knife and with it cut off the head of the snake. The body of the snake became limp, its blood oozed out onto the ground.

At this moment a voice was heard from the forest, "No harm will ever come to you." Then it was gone and the hunter realized that the old woman to whom he had given money was really a fairy in disguise. Because of what he had done for her, she had saved his life.

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HOW THE CAT AND THE TIGER CAME INTO EXISTENCE

There was once a young woodchopper who lived in an isolated part of China. He made his living by going into the mountains and gathering firewood which he sold to the villagers in the plain below. One day he wandered away from his usual path and became lost in the thick woods of the mountain. As night came on he, fortunately, met a kind old man who asked him to go to his hut for shelter.

The next morning when the young woodchopper bade farewell to his host, the old man gave him two strange appearing animals. They were small and had striped bodies. The old man told the young man to be careful of these two animals, assuring him that if he took good care of them, they would become very intelligent households pets and, in addition, good companions. The woodchopper thanked him for the presents and the two parted.

On the way home one of the animals struggled loose and disappeared into the woods. The woodchopper hunted for it for a long time, but in vain. Finally he gave up the search and went home with the other animal. He took good care of it as he had promised and it grew up to become a very fine cat. And this is how the cat came into being.

As for the other animal that had escaped, because it had to struggle for its livelihood in the wilderness, it grew stronger and bigger every day. It became a marauding animal, terrifying the countryside by its brutal killing. It was the tiger.

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THE PEACOCK AND THE CRAB

"Let me tell you a story about the peacock and the crab," the narrator began, "why it is that the peacock possesses such magnificent colors and why the crab has to crawl along the ground." This is the story:

Long ago, in the good and ancient times, there was a king who had an enormous and magnificent empire. He sat contented on his throne, knowing that he had thousands of living creatures under his jurisdiction. One day this king became sick and an announcement was sent by him to every creature in his land, in which he said, "I have cared for all living beings in my kingdom since I became king. Now I am sick and all of you should come to me and care for me. The one who shall come first will be handsomely rewarded and the one who arrives last will be punished. Such is my command."

Hardly had the announcement been given out than there came a rush of creatures, human and animal, to the palace of the king. It was the good fortune of the peacock to be the first to arrive and it was the misfortune of the crab to be the last to reach the palace.

The king was now sinking rapidly and when he felt that death was near, he gave this command:

"I decree that a magnificent coat of colors shall be given to the peacock after I die. It was the first living creature to reach me and this is the way he shall be rewarded as I promised."

Then the king saw the crab and upon seeing him, he gave the following order:

"I decree that the intestines of the crab be taken out after I die, and that its legs be broken so that it can never again come to the imperial palace."

"And that is the reason," continued the narrator, "why peacocks have such glorious plumes and why the crab has to crawl forever on the ground. It was so decreed by the king."

And this is the story of the peacock and the crab.

HOW A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW BECAME A MONKEY

Once upon a time there was a woman whose eyesight was failing with age. Now she had a daughter-in-law who was quarrelsome and abusive in her language to her. The old woman used to assuage her feelings and humiliation by going to the riverbank and weeping there where no one would see her. One day as she sat crying bitterly, an old man approached and asked kindly, "Why are you crying so bitterly, my good woman?"

"Because of my daughter-in-law and her cruel treatment of me. Since I am so old and am nearly blind I can do nothing to defend myself," slowly and sorrowfully explained the old woman.

"Do not despair, my good woman, Go home now and I am sure your daughter-in-law will not bother you any more," the old man replied and then vanished.

All the way home the old woman pondered over this happening. She wondered if the man had really vanished, if her old eyes were playing tricks on her or if the gods had sent help.

The daughter-in-law, however, did not change her ways, but continued to scold and quarrel. Again the old woman went to the riverbank to weep by herself. And as before, so now, the kind old man came and expressed concern about her misfortune. The old woman told him things were no better and asked if there was not something he could do to help her. He replied that there was and that he would help her.

"Here is a magic powder," he told her. "Tonight when your daughter-in-law is not looking put it in her rice."

The old woman stopped weeping, took the powder, thanked the old man and went off home to do as he had instructed. She put the powder in her daughter-in-law's rice and immediately upon eating the rice, the daughter-in-law turned into a quiet monkey and, from that day on, bothered the old woman no longer.

One day, in the old woman's absence, the monkey jumped up and sat down on the hot stove. With a shrill yelp it rose, but it was too late. All the hair on its buttocks had been burned away and the flesh was bright red in color. And, since that day, monkeys of that particular species have no hair on their buttocks and their flesh is red.

WHY THE COW CAN NO LONGER SPEAK

When the world first began, all cows were blessed with speech like our own and human beings could understand them when they talked. It was in consequence of what a little farm boy did that cows lost their power of speech and can no longer talk like human beings. Cows were happy animals in those days of the far distant past, roaming contentedly in the hills and pastures and communicating with the men who cared for them. And so they lived, happy and satisfied, with no thought of the tragedy that was to come to them.

One day a farmer called his little son to him and said, "My son, today I am leaving you in care of the cows. Treat them well, and bring them back to the barn at the proper time."

The son said, "That I shall do, my father. I shall care for the cows and I shall see to it that no harm comes to them."

So, taking leave of his son, the old farmer went away.

The little farm boy took the cows to pasture, but in the middle of the road one of the cows refused to move. The little farm boy approached it and said, "Why do you not move from the road? I cannot stay here the entire day waiting for you."

The cow replied, "I am tired by the long walk. Let me rest a while and then I shall go on."

The little farm boy said hotly, "Why should you be tired when none of the other cows are? Is it not that you are too lazy to move?"

The cow was silent, but unable to stand the remarks of the little boy, it began to weep. "Alas, why do you treat me so? My master never scolded me like this."

The farm boy was angered by the delay and he picked up a stick from the road and with it began to beat the cow most mercilessly. The cow stood there, weeping harder and harder. Then, unable to stand the beating, it began to move, following the other cows to pasture.

All afternoon the boy looked after the cows and there was no more trouble. When the evening came, he led the cows back to the barn. His old father returned and asked him, "How did the cows behave today?"

And the son said, "There was no trouble today," for he did not want his father to know that he had beaten one of the cows.

In the late hours of night the old father was awakened by the sound of weeping, so he got out of bed and went to the barn. Seeing a cow weeping bitterly, he asked her, "Why are you crying?"

And the cow answered, "Today your little son beat me and he beat me so hard that even now I am suffering from pain."

The old father was angry that his son had beaten the cow and the next morning when the boy was to take the cows to pasture again, he said to him, "You have hurt one of the cows. I warn you now not to do it again."

The little son was enraged because the cow had told his father of what he had done. When the cows were in pasture, he approached the cow he had beaten the day before and he said to it, "Why did you tell my father that I beat you? Now I shall beat you again and in such

fashion that you will never tell on me again." And, picking up a large stick, the little boy beat the cow with heavy blows.

That night, after the cows had been put in the barn, the old father was again wakened by the weeping of a cow. When he went into the barn and saw that it was the same cow that had wept the night before, he said, "Why are you weeping again tonight?"

And the cow said, "The little boy beat me again today. My pain is such that I cannot stand it any longer."

The next morning the old farmer gave his son a beating and he said, "Never treat the cows cruelly again."

The little farm boy was wild with rage and he made up his mind to make the cow suffer even more. When all the cows were in the pasture that afternoon, the little boy approached the cow and said, "You have disobeyed me. You have again told my father that I beat you. Now I shall hurt you so that you will no longer be able to speak."

And saying this, the boy took out a sharp blade, and with it he cut away some hair from the throat of the cow.

That evening when the old father said to the cow, "And did my son beat you today?" the cow could not answer.

And because of what the little farm boy did, cows have lost their power of speech and, from that day until now, are able to make only mooring sounds.

WHY DOGS AND CATS DO NOT LIKE EACH OTHER

There was once a kindly old man who lived in a secluded house with a cat and a dog as his pets. The old man had no relatives. He did not seem to have any business nor did he work for a living. But he never suffered from want. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he lived in state. His neighbors were curious about this strange situation, but they were unable to fathom its cause.

Then one day someone discovered that the cause of all the mysterious wealth of the old man was a small magic article which would bring anything at the command of the owner. The young man who discovered it waited until nightfall and stole the magic article from the old man. He went to a far-away country, taking it with him. When the old man discovered that he had lost his magic treasure, he was beside himself. The cat and the dog, who used to get so many things to eat, they too suffered.

One day the old master called the cat and the dog to him and told them that it was now time for them to repay his kind treatment and that they, if they wanted to eat again, were to go in search of the lost treasure. The two animals went away and finally retrieved it.

On their way home they came to a wide river. Since the dog could swim and the cat could not, they decided that the dog should carry the cat on his back and swim the river, while she carried the treasure

in her mouth. This being agreed upon, they started across the river. The current was very swift and the cat had to hold on tightly. She sank her claws deep into the dog's skin, causing the poor dog great pain. When they were in midstream, someone on the shore frightened the cat who tightened her hold, clawing more deeply into the dog's back. The pain was so unbearable that the dog stopped swimming and ducked under the water for a moment. The cat, forgetting that she was carrying the treasure, started to cry. And so the magic treasure dropped into the river and disappeared in the swiftly churning waters.

When they got home they were severely reprimanded by their master. Each, however, accused the other of being to blame for the mishap. They have never got along together well since.

WHY CERTAIN FISH HAVE SAND IN THEIR EYES

There is a certain kind of fish about two inches long, white and almost boneless, which, according to common belief among the people, always has sand in its eyes. This is explained in the following way.

Once there was an old fisherman who worked very hard for his living. One day he came back from a fishing trip very sad. He had had bad luck and caught nothing. On his way home he met a fairy who took pity on him. She gave him two grains of sand and told him to continue on his way. The grains of sand, as he walked on, changed into two small fish. These fish multiplied very rapidly and thus the old man was saved from starvation. And this is why this particular kind of fish always has sand in its eyes.

WHY MICE AND RATS ARE TIMID

In primeval times, vermin were vicious and very bold. They were known to attack tigers, to kill human beings and to do all sorts of damage, in addition to chewing to pieces whatever came in their way. Now, after a while, the gods became worried by the destructive habits of the vermin. So they called them all in, gave each a very small bile, and transformed them into timid animals so that the world would be saved from their destructive ways.

That is why all mice and rats are so timid today.

WHY THE VILLAGE GODS ARE NEVER HOUSED

In the early days when the farmers had no oxen to till their soil, farming was a very difficult task for the villagers. They had to till and dig the soil with their hands and nails and consequently foodstuffs were scanty. Finally, one day, the villagers elected one of their aldermen to ask the gods in heaven to send down some oxen to till the soil so that their task might be lightened.

The gods, however, feared that the villagers would kill the oxen and eat them because of their need for food. They, therefore, refused to send them down. The alderman assured the gods that the oxen would not be killed and swore that if any of the villagers killed one of these useful animals, the alderman should be punished by heaven and that the shrines erected for worshipping him after his death should be roofless.

The gods accordingly sent down the oxen. However, one of the villagers, out of sheer hunger, forgot completely the pledge made by the alderman and killed an ox. The gods were very angry. When the alderman died, they ordered that his shrines have no roofs.

If then, today, one sees, at the corner of a street or on a hillside, images of gods without any kind of housing, one knows that there is a shrine of the village alderman who is doing penance for his breach of promise to the gods.

HOW THE TERM "DEDRINE VIOLETT" CAME TO MEAN THAT ONE IS JEALOUS

There once lived a Chinese emperor who was very much worried because the queen failed to bear him a son to succeed to his throne after his death. He thought seriously of taking a concubine. The queen was very much distressed upon learning this and threatened to commit suicide if the emperor took another wife.

The emperor, however, thought she was only shaming. Since he was anxious to find out if the queen meant her threat seriously, he devised the following scheme. He placed a bowl of vinegar before her, saying that it was poison and that if she wanted to kill herself, that was an opportune moment. The queen drank the contents of the bowl, not knowing that she was drinking only vinegar. The emperor, seeing this, was deeply moved and swore that he would never take another wife.

WHY WHITE MICE MEAN GOOD LUCK

White mice are very rare in certain parts of China. When one sees one, it brings good luck. And the reason for this is explained in the following manner.

There was once a kind and very poor old woman. She worked late every night in order to earn enough to live. One evening, as she was gauding herself with her silver ear-scratcher (this is a pin about four or five inches long, with one end flattened and curved to form a tiny spoon), it dropped from her hand. As she was about to pick it up, a small white mouse darted into the room and carried it away, disappearing through a crevice in the wall. The woman was poor and, naturally, was anxious to retrieve the only silver treasure she owned. So she dug and turned up every brick near the place where the mouse had disappeared. Then to her surprise, as she uncovered the last brick in the wall, out rolled many gold and silver vessels and gems and jewels as well.

The old woman then realized that the white mouse must have been the reincarnation of a person who had lived generations before and who sought to repay a benefactor by doing a good turn to the descendant of his benefactor. As white mice are rare, this transformation was chosen in order to prepare the recipient for his approaching good luck. The appearance of white mice is therefore thought of by the country folk as heralding good fortune.

XXXI

It was in the village road that the two brothers came across the snake, and the bigger brother picked it up and put it on the drawer of his desk. Now in those little villages the children brought their own desks to school, and in the afternoon they would bring ^{down} back home with them. And when the big brother saw the snake he immediately took it and put it in the desk's drawer.

This brother told the small brother not to tell the mother about it, for if the mother knew about it she would not like it, and she would not let the boy keep the snake. Every single day the big brother would steal some rice and whatever he could get, and he would secretly feed this snake of his, and the snake began to thrive and grow in the small surroundings of the drawer, and soon it was quite a large snake. Many weeks had passed by like this, and still the mother did not know about the snake at all, and the small brother had kept his promise and did not tell her. Soon the drawer would not hold the growing snake any more and the big brother took the snake out of his small surroundings and took it down to a pond and said to the snake, "I have taken care of you for so long, and even though right now I am letting you go away, I shall come here everyday and feed you, and I will not forget you at all." And saying this he let the snake into the pond, and the boy went home.

The days and months passed by very quickly, and not for one single day did the boy forget about going down to the edge of the pond and feed this snake of his. And the snake grew to be very large and strong then.

And even at this time the mother still did not know about

Chapter 2

the snake and how carefully and faithfully the son was taking care of it.

Then it happened that one day the smaller brother was down at the pond, and he waded his feet into the water, and he splashed the water to and fro. This attracted the attention of the snake, and he came forth then. And the tail of this snake was so powerful and strong that it completely threw the boy off balance, and so the boy was drowned.

Then the mother found out how the son was killed, and the big brother then confessed that he had been taking care of the snake since that day that he first found him, and the mother became mad.

"You have cared for a snake that had just killed your brother."

And the mother then took a large kitchen ^{knife} and went down to the edge of the pond, and with it she chopped off the tail end of the snake.

The years passed by quickly, and then old age descended upon this old mother, and she died. At the day of the funeral the snake changed into a human being and ^{he} attended the funeral, and there was no one there who knew that he was a snake. After the funeral, the snake was a snake again, and he stayed at the pond there for many many years, and meantime the brother who took care of the snake became an old man. The snake stayed in the pond for many years, and soon the proper amount of years passed by, and it was time that he was eligible to go to heaven.

While half way up, he was not admitted in the realm of heaven because he had no tail. And arguments began to take place up in the heavens and trouble developed.

And when tides and floods came, the people say that it is the snake trying again to get into heaven.

THE SNAKE WHO COULD NOT ENTER HEAVEN

It was on a village road that the two brothers came across the little snake. The elder brother picked it up and put it in the drawer of his desk. He carried it to school with him every day. "Do not tell our mother about my snake because if she knows, she will not let me keep it," the older brother said to the small one.

Every day the older brother stole rice and whatever else he could lay his hands on to feed his hidden snake. Many weeks passed. The younger brother kept his promise and the mother did not know about the snake. The snake grew larger and larger until the desk could no longer hold it. So the older brother took the snake to the pond and putting it into the water, said, "I have cared for you now for so long a time that I shall never forget or neglect you. Every day I shall come here to feed you." The days and months passed, but not for one day did the boy forget his snake. Because of this faithful and solicitous care and attention the snake grew to be very large and strong.

Now it so happened that one day the small brother was wading in the pond. The splashing of water attracted the attention of the snake who came rushing forth to see what caused it. The boy was thrown off his balance by the strong and powerful tail of the snake and he was drowned.

When the mother learned how her small son had been killed, the older brother confessed that he had fed and cared for the snake for many months. The mother became violently angry. She shrieked at him, "So you have been feeding the snake that has killed your brother!" Then she seized a large kitchen knife, ran to the pond and chopped off the snake's tail.

Again the years passed. Old age descended on the mother and one day she died. On the day of the funeral the snake turned into a human being and no one would have recognized him as a snake. After the funeral, however, he became a snake again and stayed on in the pond until his caretaker, the older brother, had become an old man.

Years passed until enough of them had elapsed for the snake to be eligible to go to heaven. He started for heaven, but halfway there, he was stopped and told he could not enter that realm because he had no tail. A loud argument took place and, as a consequence, troubles developed on earth.

Since that time, when floods come and tidal waves, the people say it is because the snake is trying again to get into heaven.

XXXVI

In the olden times long ago there lived a painter, and this painter was a very peculiar one, for he painted his pictures with paint that had been mixed with the saliva of old man. One day he painted a horse, a white horse, very lithe and attractive. When he died he said to his son, This picture that I have painted is a very precious treasure. You should always keep it, for it is worth a great deal.

But the son never did pay any attention to what the father had said to him.

Not long after the death of the father, there was a rumor around the neighboring villages that there was a beautiful and magnificent white horse roaming around the country side. And many attempts had been made to catch it, but it always eluded the plans of the capturers.

However there was a certain man, and he had seen the white horse galloping by many times, and he was awed at the beauty of this lithe animal.

He made up his mind that he was going to catch ^{it}, regardless of how he did it. So one day he ^{waited} ~~waited~~ outside his gate, and very soon the thousand leagues horse went by. This man chased ^{it} ~~him~~ until he saw the horse disappearing into the house far away. The man went quicky to the house, but was unable to locate the horse. He was surprised ^{as} ~~at~~ he really saw the horse going into the house.

He went home that night, pondering at this strange happening.

It happened that when the father died, he told the son to burn incense and punks to the picture, and this the boy did, and every single day he lit them, and he was very regular in his duties to the picture.

One day the man who wished to capture the horse was surprised to see the horse running by, with its tail partly burnt. It was the same horse all right, but its tail was damaged by some sort of fire.

This man then followed this horse, and as happened before, he saw the horse entered into the same house that it disappeared into the former time.

The man then went into the house, and as again, he did not see the horse anywhere. Suddenly in a remote corner he saw the magic picture, and he saw too that the ~~the~~ punk had slightly burnt the tail of the horse in the picture. Then the man realized that the picture was one of great value, for the spirit of the horse could venture out into the outside, and then returned back to the picture, and this man wished very much to buy the picture.

At that moment, the son came in, and he saw the man, and he demanded of him, And what is it that you wished?

I wish to buy the picture, the man answered.

The son was surprised, for even though the father had told him that the ~~picture~~ picture was worth a great deal, the son did not see any worth in it.

And he said to the man then, How much are you willing to offer?

Any amount you wish? the man responded.

And then the son demanded the amount he saw fit, and the man bought the picture. Even then the son did not know that he had sold a picture which had a spirit, and ^{it} was able to go out into the world, and then returned back again.

He sold the picture then, and the picture was no longer in his possession.

THE MAGIC PICTURE

Many years ago there lived a painter who was different from all other painters, for he painted his pictures with paint mixed with the saliva of old men. One day he painted the picture of a horse, a beautiful white horse. Before he died he called his son to him and said, "This picture I am leaving you is a very precious thing. I painted it myself. Keep it with you always, for it is very valuable indeed."

Although the son did not believe that the picture had great value, he was, nevertheless, very regular in his duties to it. Every day he burned incense and punk before the picture of the white horse, just as his father had told him to do.

Now, not long after the death of the painter, stories began to circulate in the villages about a magnificent, thousand-league, white horse which was roaming the countryside and eluded all those who tried to catch it. A certain man on the watch for it day after day, finally saw the beautiful creature. Although filled with awe by its wonderful appearance, he determined, nevertheless, to possess it, no matter what the price he would have to pay. One day he followed the horse until he saw it enter a house far away. He ran after it quickly, but although he entered the house into which the horse had disappeared, he could find no trace of it. So he went home, pondering greatly upon this strange happening.

Another day, however, he saw the horse run by again and was surprised to notice that its tail was burnt. Following, he saw the horse enter the same house it had entered before. As on the former occasion, so now too, the man entered, but did not see the horse. Suddenly, in the far corner of the room, he saw the magic picture. Looking closely, he noticed that the burning punk had singed the tail of the wonderful horse. Then he realized that the picture was of very great value, for, apparently, the spirit of the horse had the power of separating itself from the picture and venturing outside, returning to the picture afterwards.

At that moment the painter's son entered and, surprised, asked, "What is it that you want?"

"I wish to buy the picture," the man replied. "How much do you want for it?"

The son was amazed at the offer and, forgetting his father's words, named a price which the man paid and so, forever, lost possession of the wonderful magic picture.

THE THOUSAND-LEAGUE HORSE

The narrator began his story as follows:

Once upon a time there lived a king who had a son who could get whatever he wanted from his father. Money, jewels, in fact, anything. He always got what he wished by the mere asking. One day he came to the king and said, "Father, I wish to have a thousand-league horse and I would like to have it very soon."

"And why do you wish a thousand-league horse?" asked the king. "You must know that they are very rare and hard to acquire."

"I want one because I have heard that a thousand-league horse can perform miraculous feats, that it is able to travel long distances in a very short time. I want one," replied the son.

So the king promised, for he had always given his son what he wanted and there seemed nothing he could very well do about it.

Now, at the time of which we are speaking, an evil man, a criminal, was awaiting execution. The king sent for him and told him that if within six months he could find a thousand-league horse for his son, his life would be spared. The criminal listened to the king attentively and promised to do what he could.

From village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, that wicked person wandered, asking if anyone knew where he could find a thousand-league horse. Always he received the same answer, "We do not know anything

about a thousand-league horse, nor do we know where you can get one."

As the months sped by and no trace of a thousand-league horse could be found, the wicked man grew more and more afraid that his life would be forfeited. At last he heard that in a village far away, there lived a man who owned such a horse. Away hurried the wicked one to find its owner. "I have come to buy your thousand-league horse," he said to him. "I must have it for the king's son or else my life is forfeit."

"I am very sorry," replied the man, "I did own a thousand-league horse, but he has died and today we are going to bury him." So then led the wicked one to where a horse, white as snow, lay dead.

"I would, nevertheless, like to have this horse to take back to the king," said the wicked man.

"That you cannot do. I loved this horse and shall bury it near me."

"I will give you six hundred pieces of silver just for its head," the evil one pleaded.

Finally the owner consented and so the criminal took the head of the dead horse and returned with it to the king. However, the king's son said, "I want a live thousand-league horse, not a dead one." The king agreed and reminded the wicked one that only one week was left of the six months in which he was to find a live thousand-league horse.

One morning the impatient son looked out of the window and saw a long line of thousand-league horses standing at the gate.

"And how had this happened?" you ask me.

On the quick feet of rumor the story of the six hundred pieces of silver that had been paid for the head of a dead thousand-league horse

had sped to the remotest corners of the kingdom. Every man who owned one, immediately thought, "If the king is willing to pay six hundred pieces of silver for just the head of a dead thousand-league horse, what will he not be willing to pay for a live one? I shall go now and sell my thousand-league horse since I am a poor man."

"And that is how the king's son got his thousand-league horse and the life of a criminal was spared," concluded the narrator.

THE PRECIOUS TOKENS

In the old and far distant times there once lived a good and kindly mother who loved her two children with an all-consuming devotion. One day she fell ill and as she lay on her bed she realized that death was near, so she called her husband to her and said, "I feel that I am going to die and I wish to tell you something. Now, after I am dead, you must see to it that our son and daughter never suffer. They will not have their mother's care and you must watch over them. If you should want to marry again, be sure that you get a good and kind wife who will not mistreat the children."

The husband, realizing that she was near death, answered immediately, "I promise you, dear wife, that I shall never marry again and I shall see to it that our children are cared for." The woman was happy when she heard these words and a feeling of peace settled upon her.

Just before her death she said, "Send the children to me." When they came she said to them, "My children, it is heaven's will that I die. After I am gone be good to your father and to each other. See that you do nothing that would make your mother grieve if she were living. And now, my dear children, I wish to leave you something. Take these precious tokens, tokens that are very dear to me. Here is one for each of you. Keep them always by you, for with them in your possession nothing evil can ever touch you."

In spite of his promise the father married again, in fact, very soon after his first wife's death. The new wife was cruel and selfish. She hated the children and treated them cruelly. The children could do nothing but bear this treatment, for the husband knew nothing about the evil ways of his wife. The unhappy children wept for their real mother and the precious tokens she had left them remained their only comfort.

As the years passed the girl grew into a lovely young woman and she became acquainted with a young man living in the neighborhood. They became very fond of each other. One day, in the early spring, they went to a park as they frequently had done before. Spring and love acted like magic on their hearts and minds and each turned poet. They wrote their verses on pieces of paper and pasted them on the trees.

Now the stepmother happened to pass in that direction and she saw the young people and the poems on the trees. And she saw too, what she liked more, an opportunity for making trouble. Going to her husband she said, "That girl of yours is no good. Today she had a rendezvous with a young neighbor. You should beat her and teach her a lesson."

When the girl came home later her father asked where she had been. She answered quietly, "I have been in the park with a young man." The father waited to hear no more but, taking a stick, beat her severely. The stepmother looked on, gloating over the result of her words.

Weeping bitterly, the girl decided that death was preferable to life with such a woman so that evening when no one was watching, she

threw herself into the river that flowed nearby. An old nun passing by at the time, saw the girl, pulled her from the water and took her to her own tiny hut. There she cared for her tenderly and the poor girl told her of her suffering at the hands of her stepmother. The nun's words were words of comfort and hope. "Be assured," she said, "heaven will punish such a woman for her cruelty. Stay here with me and when the time comes, you can go back to your people." The old nun was a wise and kind person and she taught the willing and grateful girl many useful things and, likewise, much of the wisdom of the world.

Now the cruel stepmother was not satisfied when the girl was gone. She wished to be rid of the boy too. So she told her husband that the boy was a lazy, idle gambler. The father believed her and beat the boy severely. But even then she was not satisfied. So, one day, when the father was away from home, she determined to burn the boy to death. Her plans were made and she was about to throw him into a fire that she had built, when a strong gust of wind suddenly came up and bore the boy away. The wind landed him gently in the hilly retreat of an old robber chief. It so happened that this old robber chief, like all robber chiefs, was very superstitious and he felt that a person who had been brought to him in this strange manner must have been delivered for some special purpose. For that reason, he felt it to be his duty to help the boy and watch over him. So he sent him to school until he attained high honors and then, one day, he said to him, "I think it is now time for you to go back to your own people. And to make your return joyful, I shall send musicians to escort you."

It happened too, that at this exact time, the old man was saying the same thing to the girl and the girl also was on her way home, preceded by a procession of musicians. At a fork in the road her procession met that of her brother. The children, although now grown up, recognized each other immediately and were overjoyed to be reunited. The two processions merged and became one, and the noise and clamor they made could be heard far over the land.

As they approached their native village the stepmother heard the noise and ran to the door to see what was causing it. As she stood there, suddenly the sky grew black, rain fell in torrents and lightning raced wildly across the heavens. When she recognized her stepchildren coming home, honored and escorted, she grew cold with fear, for she realized that her cruelty to them was about to be punished.

The children arrived and bowed their respects before their delighted and happy father. And then a thunderbolt fell from the sky, striking the wicked stepmother who fell to the ground and lay dead. The children knew then that what had preserved them through all the years, were the precious tokens their mother had given to them before she died. To these they owed their lives and they were very happy at the thought.

THE THREE BROTHERS WHO CAME FROM HEAVEN

A very long time ago there were three brothers who were different from all the people around them. The eldest brother had huge ears, so large that they made his body look like that of a dwarf; the second brother had very large eyes and a very large mouth; and the third, although he had a normal body, had a jet black face. When their mother first beheld them she was utterly dismayed, but as they grew up she noticed that in spite of their strange appearance, the boys were keen and intelligent and more advanced than others of their age.

Not only the appearance but the eating habits of the brothers were strange. The first one ate only rice, nothing else; the second ate very little rice; and the black-faced one ate no rice at all. In addition, no matter how much food they ate, it was never enough. And so, for these reasons, the mother felt, deep in her heart, that they were supernatural.

As they grew older the brothers' appearance and intelligence naturally aroused people's suspicion and, as a result, they could find no work to do, even though they tried hard. Their father, a tax-collector, had, in consequence, a very difficult task in providing food for them.

One night the father who had been on a journey to collect taxes, failed to return. Early the next morning the black-faced one set off to find him. After hours of search he found him murdered by the roadside. The boy was grieved and horrified and blamed himself for what

had happened. So in his grief he tied a vine about his neck and jumped from the limb of a tree.

An old beancake seller was returning to his mountain home at that time and he noticed, far away, a strange light shining among the trees beside the road. He hastened to see what it was. As he drew near he saw the light was shining about the head of a black-faced boy who hung from the limb of a tree. He knew at once that this one had been sent on some mission and that he was not to die, for he possessed gifts above those given to ordinary mortals. So, quickly, he cut the boy down and worked over him until the boy opened his eyes and said, "You have saved my life. But it would have been better had I died."

"Why do you say so?" asked the old man kindly.

The black-faced one told him his story.

Then the old man said quietly, "The robbers have killed your father. Come to my house and live with me. Be my son and I shall be your father."

The boy consented and the old man led the way into the high mountains by a secret pass. When they arrived at his house high up in the mountain maddows, the old man said, "Perhaps you do not know it, but you have been sent to the earth for a purpose. The gods have sent you to do a certain piece of work. You are supernatural. This, however, you must never mention to anyone. Stay here. I shall train you to be a fighter so that you will be ready for what you have to do when the time comes."

"I will do as you say," replied the boy.

Soon after this the old man brought some heavy loaden shoes and told the boy to put them on and not to take them off until he was told.

They were so very heavy that at first he could hardly walk, but after awhile he could move about rapidly.

The days passed quickly up in that high vally. The boy was busy helping his foster-father, minding the cattle and doing as he was told. Often, as he looked out over the land below and saw the rubbers at their work, he yearned to go out and avenge the death of his father, but always his foster-father would say, "Wait, your time is not yet come. You shall have your chance at the proper time."

One day, toward evening, as he sat on his favorite rock looking over the land spread beneath him, he saw a shining silver light flash across the distant horizon. Thinking it the reflection of the setting sun on some moving object, he dismissed it from his mind. The next day he again saw the light. He felt that he could not rest until he found out what it was that flashed in this manner across the far horizon every day at dusk.

Early next morning he packed some biscuits in his sack and, without telling his father what he was about, set out to find the meaning of the silver flash. Before long he came to a narrow, swaying bamboo bridge. Part way across he met an old man with a cane who apparently was not surprised to see him nor alarmed at his black face.

"I have an important matter to attend to," the black-faced one said.

"I must pass. You must let me across," the old man replied.

Unwillingly, but obediently the boy backed slowly and cautiously from the bridge, fearing that the movement might cause it to sway so

far that the old man would fall. He did almost fall, but the boy, using the power that was his, pulled him safely across. When he turned around the old man had vanished.

So the boy journeyed on till he came to the place where he had seen the silver flash. It was now near sunset so he began to eat his biscuit. As he ate, he walked about and noticed hoof prints, hoof prints so far apart that only an animal of great size could have made them. All about he saw beautiful poppy blossoms and he picked them and smelled their heavy odor. Soon he was asleep. When he awoke it was quite dark and there were fresh tracks, so he knew that he had missed the silver streak.

When he reached home his foster-father asked where he had been. The boy told him his story. The old man anxiously inquired if he had told anyone that he was a supernatural being. Satisfied that the boy had obeyed, the old man agreed that he might go again the next day.

So the next morning the boy started out again. When he came to the bridge there was the same old man that he had seen before, who said, "I am hungry. What have you that you can spare for me?" The boy opened his sack and gave the old man a biscuit. The old man ate it and demanded one biscuit after another until he had eaten all but one. When he reached for it the boy exclaimed, "I cannot give it to you. I am hungry." But the old man insisted, so the boy gave him the last biscuit and turned to continue his journey. The old man put a small pill into the biscuit, then called out, "I do not want this biscuit, I am not in need of it."

So the boy put the biscuit in his sack and went on to the place where he had slept the day before. There he climbed a tree and ate his biscuit while he waited for sunset and the silver flash. Suddenly he spied a silver light. Soon he recognized it as a thousand-league horse flying through the air. As the horse came near, the boy jumped from the tree and seized the silver mane. So swift was the horse's flight that the boy slipped off, but he kept tight hold of a handful of silver hairs. These hairs he carried to his foster-father who sold them next day for a large sum of money.

When the boy had told his story to his foster-father, the old man said, "You must capture that horse. No matter how difficult it is to do, you must capture it."

So the next morning the black-faced boy started out again. As before, when he reached the bridge, he found the old man there demanding food. As before, the old man ate all but one biscuit and in this he hid a pill and then returned it to the boy. When the boy had crossed the swaying bamboo bridge he turned to speak to the old man, but the old man had vanished. Only a rock remained where he had been standing. The boy moved the rock and was startled by its resemblance to the old man. He moved it again, but it was just a rock. He wondered much about its resemblance to the old man as he walked slowly on.

Soon he came to the spot where he had waited the day before, but this time he proceeded to a secret place where he was certain the horse must pass if, as he thought likely, it avoided the tree in which the boy had hidden the night before. While waiting he made a rope from a

piece of vine. Soon the horse flashed by and the boy dropped the rope over its head. For a long distance he was pulled along by the running horse. But because of his own supernatural strength and the strength given him by the pill he had eaten, he was able finally to calm it. Then he mounted and rode homeward. As the horse jumped over the swaying bridge, the boy saw the rock in the form of the old man and knew that the rock was sacred, that the old man was really an earth god.

The foster-father was surprised when the boy rode up on the now gentle silver horse. But he said only, "Now is the time for you to learn to fight with a sword."

So for many day the boy practiced with a long silver and gold sword which the old man gave him. Then one day his foster-father bade him take off the leaden boots. So quick and light on his feet was he that he became an expert sword fighter. After many days the old man said, "Go now and avenge the death of your father. Now is the time."

The black-faced one then washed his silver horse in magic water to make it black and white like ordinary horses. Himself he dressed as a beggar. Then both were ready to leave the high mountain valley.

As he walked into the village the boy saw a group of people gathered around a medicine-man, a great fighter. Without thought, he hurled himself at the man with great fury. Their swords rang again and again and as each prepared for the fatal thrust, the black-faced boy realized that his opponent had very large eyes and a very large mouth. The medicine-man too, recognised in the black-faced boy his own brother and the fury of the battle was turned to joy.

"Where is our older brother?" the boy asked.

"I do not know," the second brother said. "We were separated when the robbers killed our father and mother and looted the land."

Then the brothers exchanged the stories of their adventures. When the black-faced one concluded, he said, "And now I am going to avenge my father's death."

"I will go with you," said the other. "I have here a magic bar which is sharper than any sword."

Now, in the district where they had met, there lived a wicked king who, hearing tales of the power the pair of supernatural brothers wielded with their magic bar and silver horse, feared they might overthrow him and take his kingdom. So he hired a band of robbers to search them out and kill them.

One day as the two brothers were sitting by the river bank, a band of robbers rushed to attack them. The brothers fought with all their strength and were almost victorious, when the chief of the robber band hurled himself into the fight, throwing his magic handlocks into the air. They locked themselves on the hands of the black-faced boy, but the thousand-league horse bore him away to safety. As the robber chief raised his sword to kill the second brother, it was struck aside by the spear of a famous fighter who had arrived on the scene unnoticed, while the battle raged. The robbers ran into the hills. Then it was that the two recognized each other.

"Where is our brother?" asked the fighter with huge ears.

"I do not know. He was fighting beside me before you came. Something has happened. Let us go and find him," replied the brother with the big eyes and mouth.

They went into the hills and there found the thousand-league horse and the black-faced one locked in the magic handlocks. "I must have the key to unlock these handlocks. We must get it from the robber chief who killed our father," he said to his brothers. "Let us go first, however, to the grave of our father."

Now the robber chief was on his way to report his failure to the king. On the road he met a man who told him that unless he obtained forgiveness at the grave of their father, he would be killed by the three brothers. If a sign appeared on the grave he would know that he had been forgiven, but if no sign appeared he would know that death at the brothers' hands would be his portion. So he journeyed to the grave to offer food and wine and ask forgiveness. No sign appeared. As he waited there for a sign the three brothers arrived and, with one sweep of his mighty spear, the eldest brother killed the robber and thus avenged their father's death.

The black-faced one was then freed from the magic handlocks and the three set out on their adventures. Their fame spread throughout the land. They were suspicious when the king sent for them to come to his palace on an important matter, but, nevertheless, they went just to hear what he wanted.

"There is a piece of work that only you three can accomplish," he told them. "High up in the meadows on the mountain lives a monster with the head of a snake and the body of a man. This monster is causing great trouble in the countryside. Will you see what you can do to rid us of this monster?"

The first brother volunteered to try and made his way up into the mountain. As he crouched behind some bushes he saw a huge monster, gold and brown, with the head of a dragon and a giant's body, rush upon a herd of cows blowing fire from his nostrils and mouth, seize a cow and swallow it in one mouthful. The large-eared brother grasped his spear and rushed at him, but the fiery breath of the dragon melted his spear. The brother had to run for his life. He reported to the king that the monster was too much for him.

The second brother, the large-eyed one, now went out to try his luck. He watched the monster eat a cow and then rushed with his magic bar to attack the dragon. Breathing forth fire which melted the magic bar, the monster attacked the now unarmed boy, who rushed toward the swaying bamboo bridge. The terrific heat of the dragon's breath overcame the fleeing boy, but the old man of the rocks, the earth god who had helped the black-faced boy, pulled the big-eyed one to safety.

Now it was the turn of the black-faced one to try his luck. As he journeyed up the mountains which he knew so well, he decided to go first to see his foster-father. He found the old man near death, but still able to talk.

"The gods made a mistake in creating this monster," the old man told him, "and that is why they created you three brothers to destroy it. You are the greatest of them and you are to exterminate it. Now you understand what I meant when I told you, long ago, that you were created for a special purpose. I cannot die until I know you have done your work."

"I shall do the best I can," replied the black-faced boy.

Then he took two cows from the herd, tied them to a tree and hid in the bushes to wait for the dragon. When the dragon came, the boy rushed out with his long silver sword. Again, as in the case of the two other brothers, the heat of the monster's breath melted the sword and the boy was left unarmed. As he ran toward the swaying bamboo bridge, he saw the rock sacred to the earth god and remembered a tiny packet this old man had put in his pocket. Upon opening the packet, he found a white powder and turning, threw it full in the face of the dragon. Immediately the golden headed dragon dissolved into thin air.

The boy made his way to the top of the hill and told his foster-father that he had killed the monster, and of the pleased and secret smile on the face of the rock of the earth god. "You are a good son and have done what you were meant to do. Now I can die in peace," said the old man.

When the news of the monster's death was brought to the king, he decreed that at his death his kingdom be divided into three parts and given to the three brothers from heaven.

HOW THE KINGDOM OF HELL RECOVERED ITS INHABITANTS

In the region of hell where Yin Low Wong, the lord of the land of the dead, rules, a great and tumultuous revolt had broken out and raged with unabated fury. In the confusion, many of the strange ghosts and weird beings who inhabited hell, managed to escape from the fires of the damned and made their way to earth, the home of human beings. There they became reincarnated as human beings. But though they had the bodies of human beings, they retained the souls of ghosts.

Now after the fury of the revolt had subsided, Yin Low Wong discovered that his kingdom was almost emptied of his subjects, so he called together the few beings who still remained in hell and said to one of them, "Wong Wen, I am commissioning you to recapture those of my subjects who have escaped and have been reincarnated as human beings. You must go up into the world and send them all back to me."

"That I shall do, my king," replied Wong Wen.

"Take this sword with you. Whenever you show it to any of the people who once belonged to me their heads will fall like rain."

So Wong Wen became reincarnated and was born to a human mother on earth. He never lost consciousness and as he grew up he kept constantly in mind the great task for which he had been selected and which he was to accomplish for his king. As soon as he was old enough he went to school and, immediately, he recognized the teacher as one of the subjects

of Yin Low Wong. He noticed likewise, that most of his fellow pupils were former subjects of hell. Thereupon he pulled out his sword and held it before them. At once the heads of the teacher and many of the pupils fell to the floor.

In like manner, more and more persons fell victim to the magic knife until finally his mother heard of it and said, "Wong Won, I hear you have a magic knife. I should like to see it." Before he could answer, she slipped her hand into his pocket and pulled out the knife. Now it so happened that she too was a subject of Yin Low Wong and so her head fell off immediately.

Soon Wong Won realized that he must make his escape from earth, or his head likewise, would be cut off. Besides Wong Won was satisfied. He had killed many persons and had reclaimed most of Yin Low Wong's former subjects. All around the countryside the order had gone out to search for the demon with the magic knife who cut off people's heads without touching them. So Wong Won made his way to a distant hill where he found a very poor and ragged old woodcutter who told him that the hill was called Wong Won.

Wong Won hid on the hill for many days. Every day he stole the old man's dinner. At length the old man told him that his dinner was being stolen every day and Wong Won confessed and said, "Do you know who it is who steals your dinner every day? It is I. I did it because it is time I went back to my king. I am Wong Won, the person for whom the king's soldiers are looking. I am that killer on whose head they have placed a great reward, and I want you to obtain the reward. I

shall now cut off my head and you shall take it to the king and receive the reward. But one thing it is important for you to do. After I have cut off my head you must remember to cut out my three-cornered tongue. It will be very useful to you."

So Wong Won cut off his head and the woodcutter cut out his three-cornered tongue and put it in his pocket. Just then a group of soldiers came up saying, "We are looking for Wong Won, the killer."

"Wong Won!" exclaimed the old man, "why I have just killed him and here is his head which I am taking to the king to claim the reward."

Now one of the soldiers wanted that reward and he thought of a plan to get it, so he shouted, "Wine and food for all of us! Let us rejoice that Wong Won is killed."

They celebrated and drank wine until far into the night and the old man became very drunk. The soldier then seized him and dropped him into a deep hole and took the head of Wong Won to the king, who gave him the reward that had been agreed upon. Now just after the reward had been paid, the old woodcutter came to the palace saying, "I have killed Wong Won. I wish the reward."

"The reward has already been paid to one of my soldiers who killed Wong Won," the king exclaimed.

"Did he know that Wong Won had a three-cornered tongue? Look in the head see if you find it there," replied the old man.

Curious, the king did as the woodcutter said and found the tongue missing. "What have you done with Wong Won's tongue?" he then demanded of the soldier. At first the soldier was silent, but then he admitted

that he had gotten the old man drunk and stolen the head. The king then gave the reward to the old man, who handed to him as proof of his words, Wong Won's three-cornered tongue. As for the soldier, he was immediately executed.

And Wong Won went back to his king, Yin Low Wong, who overwhelmed him with praise for the good work he had done in recapturing his escaped subjects and bringing them back to hell.

SHEE YAN QUAI

In the dim years of the past there once lived a man whose name was Shee Yan Quai. This Shee Yan Quai was a poor man, a cook, employed in a rich household. He was a very strong man, his strength being that of many men, and he could do a great amount of work without being tired.

One day Shee Yan Quai cooked a big pot of rice and waited for the workers to come in to eat. But none came, so he began slowly to eat the rice and soon the whole pot was gone. When the workers finally returned they discovered that their meal had been eaten by the cook. Naturally they were angry and complained, saying, "He worked hard all morning and then when we came back we discovered that the cook had eaten all the food."

Then Shee Yan Quai said, "Why should not you workers be cooks and let me do the work alone? I am strong and I am sure that I can accomplish more by myself than all of you together."

The workers knew that this was true and, in the end, they consented. So Shee Yan Quai began to do all the hard work and he was able to accomplish more by himself than the other workers combined.

Now there lived in this rich household a young girl, the daughter of the master, and she pitied Shee Yan Quai for having to work for his living in such a manner. Frequently she looked down upon him from her window, secretly admiring his strength. She was in love with

him, but he was not aware of that. He was, after all, only a laborer and he could not imagine that a rich girl would even notice him.

Winter came to the land and a white blanket of snow covered the ground. Shee Yan Quai went about his work without warm clothing and this worried the young girl to such an extent that she went to the master's chest and took from it a robe. Now, although she did not know it, this robe was a magic one. It was a fire-robe and whenever a person wore it, heat was engendered so that the person wearing it was always comfortable. The girl took this robe to Shee Yan Quai and said, "I have watched you at work from my window. I saw you were wearing few clothes and I felt sorry for you and have brought you an old robe to wear. I am sure it will keep you warm."

Shee Yan Quai looked at her and saw she was fair, with beautiful eyes and lips and not too tall. He was moved by her kindness and said to her after a pause, "It is indeed kind of you to think of me. I shall wear the robe and be warm."

And the young girl smiled, lowered her eyes, and quickly returned to the house.

And so it came to pass that Shee Yan Quai's thoughts began to center about this girl. Whenever he looked at her, she would smile.

Now one day it happened that the master of the house discovered that the fire-robe was missing and he called the girl and said to her, "My magic robe is missing. It must be found. Perhaps you have seen it."

The girl was frightened and answered slowly, "I will try to find it for you."

She did not know what to do and finally went to her father and said, "The fire-robe must be lost. I cannot find it."

But the master said, "It cannot be lost. I have not taken it from the chest for a long time. I shall look for it myself."

The father soon discovered that the robe was in the possession of Shue Yan Quai and he went to him and asked, "Where did you get my fire-robe?"

And Shue Yan Quai answered, "It was given to me by your daughter."

Then the master took the robe with him and called the girl and said, "Why did you lie to me? You have given your love to this common laborer. You gave the coat to your lover and yet you told me that it was lost."

The maid answered, "He is not my lover."

The father, however, said, "You have not been truthful." Leaving the room, he returned with a rope and a sharp blade, and said to his daughter, "Hang yourself, or cut your throat. Die in whatever way you wish, but you must do away with your life so that you will not be disgraced."

But the young girl could not kill herself. Finally the father said to her, "Leave. Never come to this house again."

Now an old woman who worked in the house, overheard this conversation. She went to Shue Yan Quai and said, "The master of the house has condemned his daughter to death for having clandestine meetings with you. He has ordered her to kill herself. You must save her. If you promise to take her away tonight, I will go back and tell the girl."

"I promise you that I will save her," Shee Yan Quai answered.

So the old woman went back to the house and told this to the young girl. "You must go away with this man tonight," she insisted, "and I will tell your father that you have thrown yourself in a well."

The girl thought the matter over and finally replied, "I suppose I might as well go away with this man. I have done nothing wrong and I see no reason for ending my life."

So that night the two of them stole out into the land and were soon swallowed up in the darkness of the night.

The next morning the old woman presented herself before the father and said, "Your daughter has killed herself by jumping into a well. I saw her do it."

And he answered, "After all, it is for the best." And so the matter was dismissed.

Shee Yan Quai and the young girl finally came to a distant mountain hut and there they lived, away and apart from the world. It was a miserable and sad life they lived. Food was scarce and there were times when they almost starved to death. Many times they were forced to eat roots dug from the ground. And so the years passed on.

Despite his poverty, Shee Yan Quai owned a horse. It was his most precious possession. One day this horse became unmanageable, jumping and rearing nervously, and Shee Yan Quai had a hard time controlling it.

Now it so happened that on that day a wicked king was out riding, a king who was hated by many persons. It happened also, that on that same day a good king was out riding too. When the bad king saw the

good king, he immediately gave chase, for he wanted to kill him. Thus the chase went on, the two kings galloping madly on their horses. The bad king spurred on his horse and began to gain on the good king. Unfortunately, the horse of the latter stumbled and fell down into a sandpit from which it could not extricate itself. The wicked king was about to strike the fatal blow when Shee Yan Quai rode up on his horse. He saw the fighting and rushed to the rescue of the good king. Then the good king went on his way and Shee Yan Quai returned home. Soon after this Shee Yan Quai was seized with the desire to become a soldier. He wished above all else to go out to fight, to enjoy the pleasure of battle. So one day he left his wife in the lonely hills and started out on the life of a soldier. He was away for many years.

Not long after the departure of Shee Yan Quai his wife gave birth to a son, a son whom she named Shee Dang Sarn. As the boy grew up he became a famous hunter of wild geese. His arrow always flew straight to its mark. He spent his time in the woods, shooting wild geese, and so skillful was he that he would never shoot until the geese had given their cry. Only then would he take out an arrow and shoot, and he never failed.

Many years after he had left his home, Shee Yan Quai started back to the hills which he had left so long before. On his way he met Shee Dang Sarn, and he was surprised at the skill he displayed in shooting. Immediately he became jealous. He did not know that this was his son, and when he saw how true and straight was the aim of the boy, he felt a jealous pang in his heart. He approached Shee Dang Sarn and said, "I see you are very skillful with your bow."

Shee Dang Sarn was flattered and replied, "I shoot at the wild geese only when they give forth their cry. Besides, I shoot only at the open-mouthed geese." At that moment a wild geese flew over, uttering its cry. Quickly the young archer drew an arrow and it flew straight to its mark.

Shee Yan Quai watched this young man in silence, becoming more and more jealous. He went on his way. But when he was at some distance, he turned around suddenly, took out an arrow and shot his son and left him dying. Then he continued on his road.

He went on to his old mountain home and there he found an old woman with white hair. He addressed her, saying, "I am your husband and I have returned home to you."

The old woman looked at him carefully and answered, "You are not my husband. My husband is not an old and ragged person like you."

"Oh," said Shee Yan Quai, "look in a mirror. You are no longer young yourself. Your hair is entirely white." The old woman was unable to find a mirror, so Shee Yan Quai said, "Pour water into a basin and look into it and you will see that you are old." This the woman did and she found that she too was old. And so the two talked about the years that had gone by, and thus the old woman knew that this was her husband.

Suddenly Shee Yan Quai saw a pair of man's slippers under the bed and becoming suspicious, he shouted at his wife, "There is a man living with you."

And the old woman replied, "Did you not know that after you had gone off seeking your fortune, a son was born to you? He is out today seeking wild geese. That is how he spends his time."

Thus, in this way, did the father realize that he had shot his own son, his own Shee Lang Sarn.

Now, when Shee Yan Quai shot his son, he left the boy dying where he fell and went on his way. But a band of angels descended from heaven and took the dying boy up into the sky. There they nursed him back to health and when he was well, he was sent back to the earth again.

On the very day of his descent to earth, Shee Dang Sarn saw a white tiger wandering in the hills. Now this white tiger was the spirit of his father, Shee Yan Quai. As soon as Shee Dang Sarn saw the white tiger, he took his bow, shot an arrow at the tiger and thus killed it. And so Shee Dang Sarn killed his father.

The next day the body of Shee Yan Quai was found, with an arrow in his heart.

Shee Dang Sarn, like his father, became a soldier. He was a handsome lad. He fought his battles and won victory after victory. Finally he came to a section of the land guarded by a woman. Now this woman was a mountain woman, strong and coarse. She was a great fighter and there was no way in which Shee Dang Sarn could make her surrender.

When this mountain woman saw the young warrior, she fell in love with him immediately. And she said to herself, "I did not know that there were men as handsome as this young warrior." Indeed, this mountain woman fell desperately in love with Shee Dang Sarn. One day she captured the handsome soldier. "If you will marry me," she said, "I will let you go free."

Shee Dang Sarn looked at the woman and he knew that he could never love her. But, in order to get his freedom, he answered, "I will marry you."

So the old woman freed him and when he was free, Shee Dang Sarn exclaimed, "No, I won't marry you. Why should I marry a coarse and rough woman like you? I can get many who are superior to you both in age and in looks!" The old mountain woman was taken aback and she gave orders that the young warrior was to be tied up again.

Now this old mountain woman was married, married to an ugly old man. And after she saw the young man, she wanted to get rid of her old husband. But when she approached her husband and told him that she was going to marry the young man, he answered, "If you marry that young soldier, I will see to it that his whole family is destroyed completely." However, she paid no attention to him, for she knew that she was gifted with magic power and could change herself into whatever form she chose.

Since her husband would not give his consent, Fung Lay Fa, that was her name, killed him so that she could marry Shee Dang Sarn. Shee Dang Sarn, however, had told the old woman that he would not marry her. But Fung Lay Fa recaptured him and made him take a vow that he would marry her. So Shee Dang Sarn took a vow, saying, "I promise that if I do not marry you, you can hang me with a rope under the open sky."

Only after this promise did Fung Lay Fa let him go free. But when he was free again, Shee Dang Sarn refused to keep his vow. And so

once more he was captured. This time Fung Lay Pa suspended Shee Lang Sarn by a rope over a mountain ravine. Then she changed herself into a white mouse and gnawed slowly at the rope. As it was about to break, she let herself down and said to Shee Dang Sarn, "Marry me now, or I shall chew this rope into two parts and you will be dashed to pieces."

And so, trapped, Shee Dang Sarn finally consented and Fung Lay Pa and Shee Dang Sarn became man and wife. They combined their forces into one large army and continued their wars on other peoples.

One day, in the midst of a heavy battle, Fung Lay Pa suddenly thought of her former husband, and her thoughts sank into the unborn baby in her womb. The months passed and Fung Lay Pa gave birth to a son and they named him Shee Gong.

This Shee Gong grew up, and one day he became drunk and shouted in a loud voice, so loud that the vibration of his voice shook the imperial palace in which the king lived. The young prince was thrown to the floor and killed. A search was immediately made for the one who had caused this catastrophe, and it was discovered that Shee Gong was the culprit. So all his family, all his cousins and all his distant relatives were arrested and their heads were cut off. Thus did the prophecy of Fung Lay Pa's former husband come true.

The only one who escaped was Shee Gong and he went into the mountains to live with a robber band. Months passed and then one day Shee Gong returned to his former home. There he met an old man and told him that if he could identify the bones of his father and mother, he would be well rewarded. The old man helped Shee Gong. They dug up their bones and Shee Gong paid his respects to his dead father and mother. The old man who had identified the bones was given money and many treasures.

THE SON WHO LIKED TO GAMBLE

Once there was a mother and her son who lived together in a modest little house in the village, for they were poor people and the father was dead. The son was a good son, but he had one fault; he was always gambling. Now it so happened that in the beginning he always won and so the gambling habit got the better of him. There was nothing that the mother could do about it. Besides, he brought home the money he won and this helped to buy food, clothing and the other necessities of life. Although he lost all he had at times, his winnings were so frequent that in the end he always had a profit.

On New Year's Eve he was returning home late at night when, as he passed a certain building, he heard strange sounds within. Because of the late hour such sounds were unusual and therefore suspicious. He looked at the building and saw a faint light coming through a crack. He could not, however, see much by peeping through this crack, so he made his way to the roof and peered down through a window. He saw two women butchering a man. The man was naked and the women were cutting him up with repeated slashes of the big knives which they held in their hands. They were so busy cutting up the dead body that they did not hear the man on the roof or suspect that anyone was peering down at them.

The gambler saw the face of the dead man and recognized it as that of the richest man in the village. And he overheard one of the women say to the other, "We are rich now, and will not have to slave and work all our lives."

"You are right," the other woman replied, "we are rich now."

"Oh, why didn't we think of doing this sooner?" said the first woman.

"Yes, why?"

"I feel sure that no one will ever find out what we have done."

"Let's hope that that is so."

"Here's to our luck!"

"To our luck!"

Then the son saw the women lift up a section of the floor, throw the pieces of the body into the hole and replace the section, covering up the hole. The floor looked as though it had never been disturbed, so cleverly had the section been put back. Then the women went into another room.

Up on the roof the man suddenly began to shiver. While he had been watching the women cutting up the body he had been paralyzed with amazement and horror, but now as he realized what had taken place before his eyes, he suddenly grew afraid. If those murderous women were to find him there on the roof they would certainly murder him too. Quickly he made his way to the ground and ran home, with the feeling that the two women were following him. He went straight to bed and pulled the covers tightly over his head. He was cold with fear.

The next morning, as it was the New Year, the boy got up early. He decided to go out and gamble. Perhaps he would make enough money for his mother to celebrate the New Year. Luck was with him and from early morning until night he won and his winnings piled up high. Early in the evening he heard a rumor that a certain rich man was missing and

could not be located. Later that evening there was talk that the rich man had probably been murdered. The son remembered the scene he had witnessed the night before and he knew that he had seen the rich man the people were talking about, murdered. He hastily bade his friends goodbye and went home.

When he opened the door he found a stranger there. His mother said to him, "Here is a stranger who has just arrived in town and, since it is late, I have invited him to stay for the night."

The son looked at the man and saw that he had a kind face. Then he gave the mother the money he had won and the mother bought chickens, ducks and other good foods and wine. And that evening they had a feast to celebrate the New Year. After awhile the mother became drunk and talked a great deal and the son too, became loquacious. The stranger learned that the son was a great gambler and that he rarely lost. The son drank more and more wine and soon arrived at such a state of inebriety that he told everything. He told about the murder he had witnessed and he told who had done it. The stranger, who was an official from the other side of the village, listened attentively, but in no way betrayed to the mother or to the son what was his business.

Soon all three were drunk and the mother suggested, "Why should not you and my son become godbrothers. You seem to be a good man, one who is honest and just."

And the stranger answered, "And why not?"

Then the stranger asked, "Why does not your son get married?"

To this the mother replied, "Do not mention the word woman to him. He does not like it."

The son interposed, "No woman for me!" And he thought of the two women and he knew how vicious and cruel women could be.

That night the stranger slept with the son and they fell asleep immediately from the effects of the food and wines which they had eaten and drunk. In the early morning the son woke to find that the stranger was not in bed with him, and he wondered to himself where the stranger had gone. He woke up his mother, but she had not seen him go either.

In a daze the son now remembered some of the things that had happened; that he had been drunk and possibly had talked too much. He grew frightened and thought to himself, "He must think that I did it." That day he did not go out of the house. Not once did he go out to gamble. His mother noticed his strange behavior and asked, "What is the matter with you?"

Shaking like a leaf he said, "Nothing is the matter with me." Nevertheless his voice sounded strange, even to himself.

Late in the afternoon he heard that the two women had been arrested and taken to jail. Suddenly the door was opened and two men entered. "We have orders to arrest you," they said.

"But why?" the son demanded.

"We are to arrest you, that is all we know."

"But I didn't kill him," the son shouted frantically, "I only saw it from the roof."

The two guards, however, paid no attention to what he said and took him away. He was taken before the judge. To his surprise he recognized

in the judge the stranger who had slept with him the night before. "If it had not been for the information you gave me last night," the judge told him, "perhaps we would never have succeeded in finding the murderers. But, thanks to you, we captured them."

The son listened with surprise and awe and since he did not know what to say, he said nothing. Then the judge gave him a large sum of money, and the son settled down and bought a little store which he and his mother kept. He never returned to his gambling ways, and he and his mother lived happily ever after.

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✓ XIV

There once lived in a little village an old teacher, and this teacher was very poor, so poor that he had but one long robe, some underwears, and only one pair of underpants. It happened one day that there was a big and important wedding in the village, and the teacher was invited to go, but at first the teacher declined, stating that he was busy and he did not have any time at all. But the truth of the matter was that only that morning the teacher had washed his pants, and he did not want to go to any party without his underpants on.

But this wedding was an important one, and no matter what the teacher said, no one would let ^{him} stay home, and in the end, the teacher consented that he will go to the wedding. Well, this teacher went to the wedding wearing only his long robe, while underneath that, he had nothing on at all. And all this time the teacher was afraid that perhaps something might happen, and he would be in an embarrassed position.

This was a wedding, and all the guests were teasing the bride, and they made her do all sorts of comical and funny things. A group of young children went into the bride's room, and came out with a golden bracelet, a very beautiful piece of jewelry. When it was discovered that the jewel was gone, a member of the party said, "It is necessary to search everyone in the house. Someone has stolen the golden bracelet, and we must find it."

And saying this, all the guests lined up in a row in the room, waiting to be searched. The teacher did not know what to do, and he could not leave, because if he did, they would think that he was the guilty one. So the teacher went to the end of the line, thinking furiously of a way in which he can avoid being

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searched. Meanwhile the youngsters who had taken the golden jewelry had taken it and hidden it in a very safe place. And they were having a grand time of it all.

Everyone was searched, the girls, women and men. And the old teacher saw that the searchers lifted up the long robes of both the men and women, and he could see the underwears then. What could ^{he} do if one of the searchers lifted up his long robe and disclosed him as a person without any pants! The old teacher was all troubled, and he was afraid.

The searchers came down the line, and soon one of them got to the old teacher and the old teacher said, "I refuse to be searched. I am a teacher and I do not steal jewelry."

The searcher said, "But we must search everyone. Everyone must be searched. We cannot make any exceptions."

And the teacher said, "But I cannot let you search me. I cannot!" Everyone was startled by this peculiar attitude of the old teacher and some of the old women said, "He is the guilty one. He is guilty otherwise he would not be acting like this."

There was nothing that the searchers can do, so they let the teacher go, and everyone understood that the teacher had taken the jewelry otherwise he would not be ^{afraid} ~~afraid~~ if people search him.

The old teacher quickly went home, and he found that his underpants had dried, and he quickly put it on, feeling safe now. And if people search him now, he does not care. He got his pants on now.

The talk went around the town, that the old teacher in the village was an dishonest man, and that he had taken a golden

bracelet, and that he acted very guilty when the people searched him.

The people of the village heard about this, and they said, to themselves, "If we have such teachers in the school, we should not allow our children to go to that school. They would be influenced by his bad character."

And little by little, the students began to drop out, and soon the teacher found that his school was empty. There was no way in which the old teacher could support himself, and he became a beggar.

Meanwhile the golden bracelet was still missing, and everyone believe that the old teacher had taken it. The old teacher became a beggar, and he went from one town to another, and soon he came to a certain town, and he saw one of his former pupils there, and this pupil said, "And what are you doing as a beggar?"

Now this boy was among the group who had hidden the golden bracelet, and after the wedding he had moved to another town, and he did not know about the fate that had befallen this old teacher of his.

And the teacher heard ^{this} this boy said, and he answered, "I have become a beggar because no one attends my school anymore."

Then the teacher explained to this boy about what had happened to him, and in the end the boy said, "But I know where the golden bracelet is." And then he and the teacher went back to the old town, and there they found the bracelet where the group of youngsters had hidden it.

Everyone was sorry for accusing the old teacher, and they gave a party to honor him, and since that day the teacher bought another pair of underpants, so that if he washes ² one, he would still have another one to wear.

THE TEACHER WHO HAD ONLY ONE PAIR OF PANTS

Once there lived in a little village an old teacher who was very poor, so poor, indeed, that he had not one long robe and one pair of underpants.

It so happened that there was to be a big wedding party in the village and the teacher was invited. At the time, however, he had just washed his only underpants and they were not yet dry. At first he excused himself on the ground of his illness, but a holiday was declared by the school. He would have liked then to be confessed that he had just washed his only pair of underpants, so he went to the wedding party in his long robe but with nothing underneath.

At the wedding there was the usual teasing and joking. As part of the joking a group of children hid a very valuable bracelet. The loss was soon discovered and a member of the wedding party said to the company, "The bracelet has been stolen. Someone here has it and, therefore, everyone must consent to be searched." The children were in a perfect ecstasy of glee at the joke.

As the guests were lined up, the poor embarrassed teacher going to the end of the line, hoping that the bracelet would be found before his turn came. He could not leave at that would be considered a confession of theft. Since the bracelet was hidden outside the house, it was not found on any of the people searched, and the

teacher's turn finally came. As he watched everybody's long robes lifted and saw their underparts exposed, he became awfully with embarrassment and so he refused to be searched saying, "I am a teacher, I do not steal bracelets. I will not be searched."

"We can make no exceptions. We must search you too," they said.

"I cannot let you, I cannot let you," the poor embarrassed man protested.

Some of the old gossip, of course, immediately said that he must be the guilty one. The poor old teacher, shamefaced and embarrassed, escaped and rushed home and, finding his undergarments had dried, put them on quickly.

The gossip then spread that the teacher was a dishonest man and, since nobody wanted a thief teaching his children, the pupils were withdrawn one by one. The old man was finally reduced to begging.

As he wandered from place to place he came one day to a strange town and there he met a former pupil who inquired the reason for his condition. The old teacher told him all about his unfortunate lost underparts, about the washing and the loss of the bracelet. The belief that he was a thief had ruined his school work, since he could do nothing else for a living, he was reduced to his present condition.

Overwhelmed with shame, the pupil explained, "I know where that bracelet is; I hid it since it at the washing. Come, let us go find it." They went to the spot immediately, found the bracelet and returned it to the owner, explaining, at the same time, all

about the incident. The teacher was then returned to his position and pupils once again filled his school.

After that he saw it that he always had two pairs of underpants.

THE THREE SON-IN-LAWS

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons-in-law. One of them was a robber, one was a merchant and the third was a school teacher. Now the merchant, unstable in life pursued by the robber son-in-law was a constant source of worry to the father-in-law, so he decided to make one last effort to have him change it.

He prepared a great feast and invited the three men. While they were all there together he said to the robber, "Here is two hundred dollars, all I have in the world. I will give it under my bed. Now if, in three days, you can get the money without waking me up or having anybody know about it, I will give it to you, but only if you will promise to give up your present way of life and choose another."

After thinking about it, the robber agreed.

That night, believing he had a perfect plan for keeping his two hundred dollars, the father put his faithful dog near the bed and the merchant son-in-law, who was a good fighter, in the same room. The teacher he sent to sleep with the robber in the attic. He planned with the merchant and the teacher that if either of them heard the dog bark, he was to get up and beat loudly on the ground at the head of the old man's bed. The robber son-in-law, of course, heard of the plan.

The first night the robber son-in-law thought and thought, but could not devise a plan to get the two hundred dollars. The second night he thought of one and decided to try it.

That night the robber tied a pig's foot to the end of a string and let it down slowly in front of the dog who reached for it. Slowly he moved the string along a crack away from the bed. The dog followed the moving pig's foot because he wanted it very much. Thus the first danger was surmounted. Next, the robber quietly carried the sleeping merchant up to the attic. The pig he replaced with a pail of water. Then he carefully lifted his father-in-law and got the coveted two hundred dollars.

Just then the dog, having finished the pig's foot, came running into his master's room barking loudly. The noise woke the merchant and the teacher. They rushed to the gang and began to peep on it. The heavy blows splashed water all over the sleeping father-in-law who now made demands the cause of the noise and confusion. The dog was still barking and the merchant and teacher running about and yelling. When they lit the candle they saw the robber son-in-law sitting quietly in the middle of the room, grinning at everybody.

"Well, my father-in-law," he said to the wet old man, "you see I got the money."

The old man, the merchant and the teacher knew it was true and that there was nothing they could do about it. So they looked at each other and knew the robber son-in-law had made fools of them all.

THE LOWEST DRUM IN THE WORLD

"This is a story about the lowest drum in the world," the narrator remarked, "and although the tale is a short one, it shows how far a person will go just to win an argument."

The story begins at a time in the distant past. It begins with two men talking to each other. The first man said, "I have heard a very remarkable tale about a drum which, when beaten, could be heard all over the entire world. The sound of this drum was so clear, so distinct, that no region, however remote, failed to hear its vibrant notes. Moreover, whenever this drum was beaten, all people, as well as all animals listened to it with awe and surprise, for its sound possessed a quality that no other drum possessed. The fame of the drum thus spread far and wide. No person or animal had the courage to make a sound while the awe-inspiring notes of the instrument still lingered in the air."

"I cannot believe such a tale as that," the second man insisted when his companion was finished. "It is so fantastic, so utterly unbelievable."

"Well," said the first man, "if you do not believe it, that is because you have not enough intelligence to recognize the truth when you hear it."

This angered the other one so greatly that he said, "Well, suppose I were to tell you a story about the lowest cow in the world, would you believe me?"

To this the first man retorted, "Tell it to me and I shall give you my opinion after I have heard your story."

So the second man began, "There used to be a cow that had such a powerful voice that, whenever it opened its mouth, the sound of its breathing could be heard in every part of the earth."

Now when the first man heard this, he said, "But how could such a thing be? If, as you have just said, you do not believe my story about the loudest drum in the world, how can you expect me to believe your story about the loudest cow in the world?"

But the second man smiled and answered, "Listen, before you can have a drum you must have a skin to make it. Now that skin must come from an animal. And that animal must obviously be the loudest animal in the world, for, otherwise, how could its skin be the one suitable for being made into the loudest drum in the world? So you now see then that before there could ever be a loud drum, there must be a loud animal to supply the skin to make it?"

The first man was puzzled and in the end, unable to find a proper answer to the story, said, "Well, I suppose you are right." And so the second man walked away, smiling to himself and proud that he had won his argument.

THE MAGIC SNAKE-WIFE

"This is the way the story begins," said the narrator. I listened...

Once there stood a pagoda on a lonely and secluded hill and in the pagoda lived a female snake who had been there for thousands and thousands of years. After the proper number of years had passed, it was ordained that this snake would come into possession of great magical power. She would be able to change herself into any form she wished and to match her skill with magicians and wise men. She lived in this pagoda in order to await the fateful day when she could again venture into the world of men.

Finally the time arrived and she came to the world of men as a young and beautiful woman. No one knew that she had ever been a snake. Soon she became acquainted with an herbalist, a man versed in medicines. They fell in love with each other at first sight and were married.

One day the husband went on a long journey. When he returned he found that his wife was not in bed, but that in her place there lay a huge snake. The husband was hardly able to believe his own eyes as he saw this and as he gazed and gazed upon it aghast, he trembled and became dizzy. While he watched, he saw the snake change slowly into his young and lovely wife. He was too frightened to even stand.

The wife, calling her magic power to her aid, said, "Why, what has frightened you so?" Feebly, he replied, "The snake! I saw it on the bed." So again, using her magical power to confuse the mind of her husband, the wife pretended that she too had seen the snake. With a

bamboo-pole she beat and struck the bed, saying finally, "Well, I have got rid of you." Then she cleared her husband's eyes and mind and he told her all that he had seen. She evaded his questions and explained until she was satisfied that she had allayed his suspicions, and things went on as usual.

But he was soon to be upset again, for one day as he went about his work, he met one of the temple priests. Said the priest to him, "I see a phantom chasing and following you. And do you know who this phantom is? I will tell you. It is your wife."

"But that cannot be," replied the herbalist, "for my wife is a young and lovely woman."

"She is not a woman at all. She is a snake. Now, take this powerful glass that I possess and tonight when your wife is asleep, look through it and peer into her eyes and you will see for yourself. But do not let her see you with the glass because if she does, she will kill you at once." Such were the instructions of the priest.

The husband now called to mind the strange incident which had befallen him on his return from his long journey and he pondered over it greatly. He did not wish to believe the priest. That night, however, he followed the priest's instructions and looked through the glass into the eyes of his wife and, indeed, he did see reflected there the image of the snake, the very snake that he had seen on the bed. Then, truly, he knew that he was married to a female snake who possessed the power of changing herself from a snake to a woman and back to a snake again. He returned the glass to the priest and informed him that what he had told him was right.

his work, he met one of the female priests. She told him that she had seen a ghost on the night of the 14th. And do you know who it was? I will tell you. It is your wife.

"But that cannot be," replied the priestess, "for my wife is a

young and lovely woman."

"She is not a woman at all. She is a snake. Now, take this glass and look through it and you will see her eyes and you will see for yourself. But do not let her see you with the glass because if she does, she will kill you at once." Such were the instructions of the priestess.

The husband now called to mind the strange incident which had befallen him on his return from his long journey and he remembered over it greatly. He did not wish to believe the priestess. That night, however, he followed the priestess's instructions and looked through the

glass. He saw a pair of eyes looking at him. He was terrified and he

then, truly, he knew that he was married to a female snake who possessed the power of changing herself from a snake to a woman and back to a snake again. He returned the glass to the priestess and informed him that what he had told him was right.

Naturally his attitude toward his wife changed considerably after this, and the wife noticing it, asked what was the trouble. So, gathering his courage, the herbalist explained to her that he now knew the truth--that he was married to a phantom, to a snake and not to a woman.

"Who told you? How do you know?" the wife asked.

"A priest of Gum Saru temple told it to me," the husband replied. The angry wife thereupon determined to make trouble for the priests at the temple and so called on her magic power to cause a great flood to arise. It roared and rushed at the temple door. But the priests too, were possessed of magic power. They hung a cloak on the door so that the waters could not enter the temple. Thus did the battle of skill go on. No matter what the wife commanded her magic to do, the priests proved that they possessed more power and all her efforts were of no avail.

In the meantime, however, the husband became very ill. No medicine he took seemed to cure him, so he went to the priests to ask for aid. "There is a certain kind of grass that will cure you," one of them told him, "but since it can be obtained only in the kingdom of heaven it is impossible for you to get it."

But when the wife heard about the grass she used her magic power and went into the kingdom of heaven and obtained the grass and so cured her husband. Soon after this the wife gave birth to a son, a normal human child who showed no traits whatsoever of a snake.

Finally, however, the priests determined to call forth their utmost power, and they captured the snake and took her back to the pagoda in the distant hills. They put a mark on the door so that she

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Thereafter, however, the priestess determined to get revenge on the husband. She told him that the child was a snake and so he was killed.

could not get outside. Then they spoke to the husband and said, "When your son is sixteen and has made a name for himself, he is to go to the pagoda and release his mother."

And so the years went by one after the other, some slowly and some fast, as they have a way of doing, and at last the boy was sixteen and was ready to go to the pagoda in the distant hills to free his mother. There he stood in front of it and wept. At last the boy found his mother and recognized her as a snake phantom...

"And do you mean to tell me that this is how the story ends?" I asked.

"Yes, this is how the story ends," the narrator answered. "What do you wish? To know whether the mother came out of her pagoda or not? This I cannot tell you. All I know is what I have told you. It is exactly as it was told to me and that is why I am telling it to you in this way."

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THE GIRL WITH THE SCAR

Once, long ago, there lived two men who were very close friends. One of them had a son who was only two years old, but the father wished to have him betrothed, so that when the boy was grown up, he would have a wife ready for him. Now the father of the boy often said to his friend, "If only you had a daughter, then my son and your girl could be betrothed and when they married, our blood would be united and our friendship be still more secure." And the friend would answer, "Alas, it is my misfortune that I have never been blessed with a girl. Boys I have many, but girls, none." Thus would the two men discuss the matter.

Then there came the time when the friend was to become a father again, and he hoped with all his heart that, this time, he would be the father of a girl. In the late hours of the night the child was born. It was a girl and the father of the newborn child exclaimed to the father of the boy, "At last our hopes are fulfilled. I am this night blessed with a girl child. Let us betroth your son and my daughter immediately, and when they become of age, they will become man and wife." So the two men chuckled to themselves, and they spent the night drinking wine in celebration of the happy event that was to come.

The years rolled by, and neither the boy nor the girl knew that they had been betrothed when they were infants. The boy grew up to

be sturdy and strong, and the girl to be fair and beautiful. Thus they lived on, unconscious of the fact that they were betrothed.

Finally there came the day when the boy became a man, and the father called him to him and said, "My son, the hour has come for you to know the secret that has been happily concealed in my heart these many years. You have become of age now, and the time has arrived for you to take a wife."

On hearing what the father said, the son replied, his face suddenly hot and red, "My father, I too have been thinking of that, and there is a certain girl whom I greatly admire. Let me have your consent, and I will take her for my wife."

And the father, startled at his son's reply, made answer quickly, "But my son, your marriage was already arranged when you were but a child. It is the custom to do this and you, my son, must obey what your elders plan for you."

The son, hearing this, felt his anger rising within him, and he replied hotly, "To such a thing I will not consent. When I take a wife, she shall be one of my own choice."

The father argued with his son, but the son was a stubborn person, and argue and plead as he would, the father could not persuade him to consent to his wishes. And so the matter rested. Finally the son decided that he must rid himself of this girl to whom his father had betrothed him. So one day, acting secretly lest he be detected, he called a beggar to him and said, "Rid me of the girl that my father want me to wed and I shall reward you handsomely."

And when the man heard this, he replied quickly, "I will do anything you ask me if I am to get money in return. Tell me, and I will see to it that it is done."

And the son said thus, "Rid me of the girl in whatever way you wish. Only see to it that she never knows that it is I who have sent you to harm her."

The man went about his task carefully, for he was a poor man and did not want to fail in what he had to do. So, on a certain night, he entered the house where the girl was living. Creeping silently, his hands holding a knife, he made his way into the room where she was sleeping. Then, holding his knife high, with all his strength he let fall a heavy blow on the head of the sleeping girl. She did not move, but lay still like one dead. The beggar, thinking that he had killed her, was satisfied with what he had done, and ran out of the house and came before the son and said, "I have done as you told me. I have rid you of the girl."

And the son was glad and handed money to the beggar and said, "You have done well. Go then and be silent."

Now, although the girl was badly hurt, she was not dead. In the late hours of night, she regained consciousness and lay tossing from side to side on her bed, moaning with pain. The father, hearing her moans in the night, came into his daughter's room and found her near death, with blood streaming from a deep cut on her head. He spent the night at her bedside, nursing the wounded girl. When morning dawned, the girl, although greatly weakened, was alive. Later, when

the cut was healed, there remained a large scar on the forehead of the girl, a scar so prominent, so ugly, that no one wished to be seen with the girl because of it.

Months later, the father again said to his son, "Have you changed your mind about marrying a girl other than the one I have chosen? If you marry as I have planned it, I am certain that you will have no regrets."

To this the son said quietly, "I have heard that the girl you want me to marry has an ugly scar on her head. Others have told me about her, and I am certain that she would not be a good person to have for a wife."

"A scar on her head?" the father said, astonished. "I have not heard of it." And when he had learned the truth, he came back and said to his son, "Alas, it is true what you have said. I have broken the engagement between you two, and you are now free to marry whomever you desire."

At this time great trouble arose in the land. Robbers and pirates came through the villages looting, and families became separated in the confusion. Among those who were caught in the maelstrom, were the boy and the girl with the ugly scar. Their parents were killed by the bandits, and thus the two found themselves alone.

About this time the girl realized that unless she got a husband soon, she was doomed to live her life in loneliness. And then one day, she discovered, to her surprise, that by combing her hair in a different way, she was able to hide the ugly scar from sight.

Now the boy became acquainted with this girl, but he did not know that she was the same girl he had once hired a beggar to murder. He fell madly in love with her and one day, unable longer to watch and adore her from a distance, he sent a go-between to the girl to arrange a marriage between them. When the go-between told the girl that there was one who wished to have her for a wife, she wept to herself, "At last I am to be wedded. These long years I have waited so patiently, and now the day has come for me to become a wife." And she prepared herself in readiness for the day, not knowing that the one she was going to marry was the boy to whom she was betrothed when she was a child.

At last the day came and the girl became a wife. That evening when the husband went into the bedchamber to see her, he saw that she had a large, ugly scar on her forehead. And now he realized that he was married to the same girl of whom he had once wished to rid himself.

And so the two were married, just as their parents had intended them to be.

THE UGLY GIRL

Once upon a time there was a girl who was very ugly and awkward. Always she bemoaned her lot, grieving and fretting about her looks, and longing to be beautiful and graceful like other girls.

One day she heard of a black-faced woman with magical powers, who, among other gifts, possessed the power of changing ugly girls into beautiful ones. That very day she made her way to the house of this magic-working woman and said, "I hear that you possess the power of changing ugly girls into beautiful one. I pray you, make me beautiful like other girls."

The black-faced woman said, "Well and good, but remember that beauty is not always happiness. However, if you really wish to be beautiful, listen carefully to what I say. Here are three drops of magic water. Use one drop to wash your face and one to remove ugly spots and growths. The last drop you must swallow."

The ugly girl took the three magic drops and did as she was told. And soon she became beautiful, so beautiful, indeed, that her fame spread all through the land, for there was none like her.

Shortly after this it happened that the old king fell sick. The doctors decided that he would die unless he drank a broth made from the heart of the most beautiful girl in the country. Men were accordingly sent to all parts of the kingdom to find and bring back to the king's doctors, the most beautiful girl.

Now as the king's men came near the region where the beautiful girl lived, she became frightened for her life. So she took refuge in the temple of the goddess Coon Yin. Suddenly the black-faced woman appeared. The beautiful girl ran to her, knelt and begged, "Save my life. Change me back into what I was. The beauty that you gave me will be my death at the hands of the king's men."

"When you came to me first, you thought you were too ugly to live. Is it possible that you now consider yourself too beautiful to live?" asked the black-faced woman scornfully.

But as she watched the cowering, terrified girl, her heart softened and she said kindly, "Here are three more drops of magic water. Use them as you did the others."

The girl obeyed and became her ugly self again. From that day on she never bewailed her fate or longed to be beautiful.

THE FAITHFUL SON

Long ago there was a poor farm boy who had very little respect for his mother. No matter how hard the mother tried to please him, the son always found fault with her and scolded her. If the food did not please him, he complained and scolded her and if she carried the rice to the fields too late, he beat her with his strong, brown hands. Long tedious hours he spent outdoors in the open fields, caring for the rice plants, the cows and the other animals. Although he was a disrespectful son, he did perform his work well.

One evening the son was feeling more irritated than usual. The day was hot and he was exhausted by his work. When the time drew near for the rice to be brought to him, he waited for it eagerly. The mother was getting along in years and sometimes the long distance between the fields and the house was almost too much for her. This evening she arrived late and when the son saw her, he said, "I have worked long hours and my stomach is empty. Why do you take such a long time in coming? Am I to starve every evening?"

And the mother replied, "My son, I am getting along in years. I am not as active as I used to be. My steps are short and unsteady now and so sometimes I am late."

The boy was angered at his long waiting, so he picked up a stick and with it beat his mother until she wept loudly and rushed across the fields toward a farm house. As a rule, because of her age, she

accepted her treatment in silence, but this time she could stand it no longer.

One evening, as the son was working in the fields, his attention was attracted by a small bird. Up above, in a tree, he saw her feed in her little ones with great care and devotion. He saw her carrying wriggling worms in her beak and placing one in the mouth of each of the little ones. As the farm boy watched, suddenly a great pain came into his heart. He thought of his mother and of how he had treated her these many years, the mother who cooked his meals for him every day and who had endured all kinds of hardship to rear him. And he began to weep and exclaimed, "My mother, why have I treated you in such a manner!" He looked up at the motherbird again and continued to weep. "I have not appreciated the care and devotion that my mother has shown for me. This evening when she comes with the rice, I shall tell her how sorry I am for what I have done." And he wept copiously.

When evening drew near, the old mother was again late in coming to the fields. But this time the son waited for her eagerly, anxious to ask her to forgive him for all the pain he had caused her by his unfilial treatment. When at last he saw her coming, carrying the bowls of rice and hot food, he rushed toward her with gladness in his eyes. The old mother saw him coming and since her sight was poor, she did not see the gladness in her son's eyes. She thought he was coming to beat her. Frightened, she dropped the rice bowls she was carrying and retraced her steps, rushing into the evening twilight to escape to the next house. Suddenly she fell and, striking a rock, was killed.

When the son realized what had happened, he approached the dead body of his mother, weeping bitterly. "Mother, I have always been a bad son. I have mistreated you and behaved unjustly. It is time for me to change into a person of who you can be proud." There on the road he lay, weeping unceasingly, and only when morning dawned, did he stop.

Shocked and overwhelmed by the loss of his mother, the boy changed. All through the long years he wept daily and regularly and not once did he forget her. He wept until his eyes were dripping blood, until they were bruised from incessant grief. And so the years went by and he continued weeping until, finally, he cried himself to death.

During all the years that he wept for his mother, the son did not change his clothes, but remained dressed in his mourning garments, and so the robe he wore became spotted with blood and tears. After his death the people in the village took it and built a temple in which it was given a place of honor. This temple became famous far and wide. It was respected by parents who hoped that they too, might have a son as devoted as this one had been; this one who had cried himself to death; this one whose robe was given a place of honor in the sacred temple; this one who, although too late, finally learned what the loss of a mother could mean.

THE GAMBLER WITH THE MIRACULOUS NOSE

Once upon a time there lived a man named Chang. He was a great gambler. Every day his wife scolded him, "All your time, your money, your health, all you are wasting in gambling. It is time for you to change your way of life." But, alas, as is the way of husbands, he never paid any attention to his wife.

One day he lost a large amount of money. He rushed home to ask his wife to go and borrow from all her friends and relatives. Seizing her opportunity, she made him promise that he would not gamble again. When she had obtained the money for him, back he went to the gambling hall where he lost it all. Again he went home for more.

"And what do you want with money now?" his wife asked suspiciously.

"What do I want with money? Why, I am going to learn a trade. Yes, yes, that is it. I'm going to learn a trade," he lied to her gloriously. So his wife went out and borrowed more money for him to lose in the gambling hall.

Now after it was lost he was afraid to face his wife, so he prowled about the streets, trying to think of some lie that would beguile her for a while longer. Alas! he picked up a small piece of tin that just exactly fitted his nose. He wandered on toward home and slipped quietly in through the back door. Making no noise, he went about the house, found that his wife was away and peeped into the cooking pots to see what was cooking. He dared not eat anything and decided that

it was better policy not to be found at home just then, so he left as quietly as he had come. Soon he returned as if he were just arriving.

"What trade have you learned today?" his wife asked.

The man didn't know what to say and as he fumbled about, he thought of the piece of tin and said, "Why I have learned today to become a smelling expert. I can smell anything. If you do not believe it, just ask me to smell something."

"A smelling expert! What is that? Tell me what I have for dinner tonight if you can," said the skeptical wife.

"You have fish and vegetables and, yes, eggs. Yes, all three are on the stove now," nonchalantly said the gambler.

"Why, indeed, that is exactly what I have," the amazed wife replied.

"Ah, that is not all I can do. I can smell out lost articles," the gambler said, deciding to make a good story while he was about it.

Next day, as is the way of wives, the wife went up and down the street, boasting to all her friends of the amazing new profession of this brilliant husband of hers. And so his fame spread throughout the countryside.

One day a farmer came to the house inquiring for Chung, the man with the miraculous nose. "I have lost a very fine pig and I want him to smell out its whereabouts for me."

The proud wife went in to wake up her husband. "There is a farmer here who wants you to smell out his pig for him. Perhaps he will pay you a big reward."

The gambler husband was overcome. He didn't know what to do. He had fooled his wife to save himself, but he knew that he could not

fool other people. But putting off the evil hour, he said, "I will see the man."

The eager farmer saw nothing out of the way in Chung's behavior, described the pig in great detail and paid a deposit for its return.

Chung, the gambler, decided to take another chance and as soon as the farmer was gone, hurried to the gambling hall. He was soon deep in a game with some robber friends. One of the robbers lost a great deal of money, but had none to pay his debt. He began to tell a story about a pig that he had stolen a few days ago. As Chung listened, he realized that the goddess of luck was with him once again, for here was the farmer's pig. He told the robber that he would take the pig for the debt.

So he returned the pig to the farmer, received his payment and enjoyed the joke he had played on everybody. His fame now spread even wider.

Now about this time the king lost his jade seal, his symbol of office from the emperor. Unless he could find it, his head would be cut off. He sent men here, there and everywhere, to look for it. One of these men heard of Chung, the man with the miraculous nose, and came to ask him to help the king. Chung was frightened almost to death, for he knew that he couldn't do anything of the kind. So he said, "I would like to help the king, but I am afraid I cannot."

His wife was furious at this, "Why, you, gifted with a miraculous nose! Your king asks and you will not help him! Shame on you!"

The king then sent a messenger with an order for Chung to come to court. Now Chung was so frightened that he forgot his ceremonial manners

and went right in before the king. "Angrily the king asked," Do you not know that when you appear before the king you should make three kow-tows and nine bows?"

"All right, if you don't want me and my help, now that I am here, I will go," answered the gambler and started to walk out.

The king realised that, manners or no manners, he must have the services of this man with the miraculous nose. So he called him back and proceeded to describe the missing jade seal. There were just forty days left in which it had to be found.

"I will try to find your jade seal, but I do not know how long it will take," answered Chung. Chung now was in real trouble. He could not smell lost articles and what other men had failed to find was hidden from him too. But every day he pretended to be very busy. In his room one day he said aloud to himself, "Chung, your end is near. You cannot fool people any longer."

The king's assistant was passing the door just then and heard the remark. Now the assistant's name was Chang also, and he had stolen the king's jade. Hearing the gambler he thought that his secret was discovered. So he went into the room and said, "I know you have smelled out the jade. I will return it to you, but please bury it and then pretend to find it. Don't tell anyone that I stole it. I will give you half my fortune for your silence."

Chung, the gambler, was amazed at this confession and did not understand what had caused it. But he was quick to take advantage of his good luck. "Yes, I smelled you long ago, but I waited to see what

you would do." He then hid the jade in a wine jug, buried it and said nothing. When questioned he would say simply that he was getting a faint odor. Then one day he asked for a group of men to go to the place where he had smelted the jade.

Reaching the spot where the jade was buried, Chung, with ostentatious sniffs and puffs, directed the men to dig. They dug deep and were ready to quit, but Chung said, "Keep digging, my nose tells me it is here." So they dug till the jug and the jade were uncovered.

The king was pleased. "You are indeed miraculous. Now suppose you smell the man who stole my seal."

Chung, the assistant, was weak with fright. But Chung, the gambler, said, "I smell lost articles; I do not smell men."

The gambler was dressed richly, set on a beautiful horse, provided with great riches and sent home to his wife in his home village, where feasts were held in his honor. Then he returned to the palace of the king and was honored as the man with the miraculous nose.

THE MAN WHO LOVED JEWELS

There was once a school teacher who so loved jewels that his one desire was to get possession of them in any fashion he could. Whenever he got any money he spent it for jewels which he added to his already large collection. Year by year, his store of precious stones and golden trinkets increased and still he was not satisfied with what he had. His one ambition was to be the owner of the largest collection of jewels in the world, and he looked forward eagerly to the day when this would be true.

One day, to his surprise, he discovered that the wife of his next-door neighbor was also the possessor of great quantities of jewels. Because of this common interest a friendship began between them. Often they would visit each other and each would display his collection. Now after the school teacher saw the jewels of his neighbor, he wished to have them for himself. Yet he could not think of any way by which to get possession of them. Nevertheless, day after day he hoped and prayed that somehow, some day, he would get them.

One day the woman died. The school teacher rejoiced secretly, for he thought that at last some way might develop by which he could acquire what he so greatly desired. On the day the coffin was brought into the woman's house, he thought to himself: "Perhaps the jewels will be buried with the dead woman. I must keep close watch and then when the time comes, perhaps I shall know what to do." So he kept

careful watch of his neighbor's house. He never let his eyes wander from the window.

Finally, one evening, the coffin was carried to a nearby hill and there deposited in the earth. The teacher was convinced that the jewels were buried with the dead woman, and so he decided to dig the coffin up late that night, take out the precious jewels, and then put the coffin back so that no one would suspect him. In the darkness of night, he crept silently toward the cemetery, and working quickly with a spade, soon dug up the wooden box that contained the body of the woman. He worked with enthusiasm, fired with desire to acquire the precious stones.

The lid of the coffin creaked open. He peered inside and saw the body of the woman sleeping peacefully. Feverishly he searched, but there were no jewels. As he was about to put back the lid, the corpse suddenly came to life and sent out a piercing scream. It jumped from the coffin, its clutching fingers extended toward the man. He dashed down the hill, not daring to look back, and ran toward his home. He could feel the corpse behind him, coming closer every moment. Into his house he rushed, breathless and numb with fear. The ghost was close behind him and with a sudden sweep of her long fingers, she clutched the terrified man. Holding him thus, she led him straight down to hell.

And so the teacher died tragically, because of his great love for jewels.

Mr. Bock, the only son of a poor farmer was born in 1848 in Canton, China. His father was very poor---so poor that no one could have guessed how he supported his family. When he was hardly one year old, his father had to go into the forests to pick dried woods or twigs which he sold to villagers as kindlings or he trapped poisonous snakes of all kinds and sold them to herbalists and doctors. The poisons of these snakes were extracted and used to make serum for antitoxin. In order to keep his family from starvation he had to undertake such dangerous work. At certain seasons he had also to do some farming on his lands (which every family in the village has, no matter how poor they may be). Often he did not produce enough from the land because the soil was not rich.

The father sometimes had to hire himself out to rich people as a laborer or servant. Even that employment in China in those days was very scarce. No matter how conditions were he stuck to what he undertook. When Mr. Bock was three months old, his third cousin returned to the village for a visit after an absence of nine years. His cousin was a government official of the old regime. His father explained his hardships to his cousin who realized the situation. So this cousin of his promised his father

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that as soon as he returned to Canton City, he would see what could be done for him. Three months after he returned to official duty he wrote Mr. Bock's father and sent for him. He got a job for him as a porter in a large Chinese grocery store. He was paid thirty-five dollars a year as wages. Since this was more than he had earned before, Mr. Bock's father kept this job for twenty-five years. He was promoted from porter to assistant buyer within that period.

Mr. Bock himself suffered a lot, but of course he was not old enough to understand anything. He was not given the proper care a child should receive. He was fed irregularly; that is, whenever his mother finished her farm work he was given something to eat. The family conditions were gradually improved after his father found employment in the city. The family could afford to buy more necessities for the betterment of their health.

When Mr. Bock was eight years old, his parents could afford to send him to the regular village school for beginners. He was put in the same grade as those who were seven years old. He wasn't slow in learning, but he was retarded somewhat because of his lack of opportunity to begin school at the usual age. Five months after his enrollment in his school, however, he began to show improvements in his studies. When he was ten years old, he was one

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grade ahead of the boys of his age. He learned rapidly and his work in school was far superior to that of other pupils in his class.

At fourteen, he entered the secondary school at the village county seat. There he studied elementary business, farming, composition, and other required subjects. He spent three years at this school, and after that, he left school to help support the family. There was nothing he could do to support the family but to till the soil of their own lands. His parents did not take him away from school. He left it voluntarily. As a rule, all Chinese children usually contributed their share in support of the family when they were of age to be employed. It was understood that Chinese children always adhered to their filial duties for this was the duty of all Chinese who had any parents living.

Three years after his leaving school, Mr. Bock borrowed money to buy a passage on a ship bound for America. He had heard that America was the land of golden opportunities where everyone could easily make his fortune. So in 1869 he went aboard a schooner at Hong Kong and sailed for America. The journey across the Pacific was not entirely a pleasant one, because of the danger of encountering sea mammals such as whales. In those days, schooners

were not as well built as the steamers of the twentieth century. The whales often bumped against or collided with the schooner and caused great danger of sinking. Today steamers weigh thousands and thousands of tons, and whales, of course, cannot compare with the strength of modern steamers.

Mr. Bock arrived in California in fall of 1869. He landed in San Francisco and was met by his maternal uncle. His uncle came to America just after gold was discovered in California, and Mr. Bock lived with him in a railroad camp in which he was employed. From the day he arrived in San Francisco until January 1, 1870 he studied English at night through the aid of an American friend of his uncle's and during the day he worked as a houseboy.

In 1870 his uncle obtained a job for him in a railroad camp. He was hired to lay railroad ties. In those days, thousands and thousands of Chinese were hired by the railroad companies to do many kinds of work which the white men could not or would not do. The reason for the refusal of the white men to work in the railroad camps was that the Indians in those days often killed them. In the minds of the Indians, the white men stole their hunting grounds and lands. Indians never molested the Chinese because they claimed that the Chinese and Indians were brothers and of

the same race. It was supposed that the Indians were originally Chinese who crossed the narrow stretch of land between Alaska and Asia. In a period of time that stretch of land disappeared. Thus, the Bering Straits separated the two continents and the Indians were left behind in the new land known as America. X

In 1873, Mr. Bock had a narrow escape from being killed by Indians. There were some white men who disguised themselves as Chinese and killed fifteen of the Indians. Their disguise caused the Indians to kill the Chinese and let them take the responsibility for the murders. By so doing they claimed that the white men would no longer be bothered by the Indians. However, this treachery did not succeed in its intent for the Indians discovered that the murderers of their people did not have any queues. Thus, their murderers must have been not Chinese but white men. If the Indians had not made this important discovery, many Chinese would have been killed by them as revenge for the death of their brothers. Many Indians were killed from eating poisoned bread given them by white men.

In 1873, Mr. Bock took a trip back to China to visit his parents. During his visit he was married, and a son was born to his wife in 1875. Immediately after that he returned to America, arriving here in 1876.

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Upon his arrival in San Francisco, his uncle and some intimate friends chartered a boat for fishing in Alaska. So Mr. Bock was asked to go along with them on this fishing trip which lasted four months. The fish they caught brought them plenty of money. They kept at this work for more than fifteen years.

In 1891 Mr. Bock and his cousin started a fish cannery in Alaska. Inside of five years the business prospered rapidly. Then they opened more canneries in other locations and also enlarged the first one. Then in another ten years made about \$35,000 each. In 1893 Mr. Bock's uncle turned the whole business over to him, for he was getting old and decided to retire.

When Mr. Beck was forty-six years old, he bought many business interests and was making plenty of money. Then he sent for his family in 1896. In 1902, he bought some lands in Oregon and had a large hotel built on them. He used this hotel as his main business office. Gradually he accumulated a great wealth. He was getting on in age and had to give up his activities in business and turn them over to his children. He began to do some social work among the Chinese people. He entertained Chinese officials from China. He donated some money to charitable institutions throughout China. Then, in 1910 he was appointed honorary

consul from China by the Chinese Government. Recently, he was appointed as Consul General.

Mr. Bock outlived four wives. He is a father of nine sons and four daughters. Everyone of his children has a college degree. Four sons graduated from Columbia University, two from Harvard, one from John Hopkins, and two from Princeton. The four daughters graduated from Wellesley. Among the children three are full fledged doctors, two electrical engineers, two chemists, one Germanic and French language professor, one aeronautical engineer, two botanists, one financier, and one zoologist.

Hard work, thrift, honesty, punctuality make for success. He still admires the lively spirit of the young generation, he likes America and her conventional ideas, but doesn't trust some of the Americans (as they call themselves) on the Pacific Coast. He is a staunch enemy of such social evils as divorce and trial marriage.

Mr. A.A. was born in China ^{in 1867} ~~sixty-seven years ago~~. He was one of a family of six who owned some ground from which they made their living. It was intensively cultivated to produce several different crops each year, and it was necessary for the entire family to work hard to accomplish this. Mr. A.A. from his earliest recollections remembers roaming the countryside with a basket looking for any manner of fuel. [They] suffered from the severe cold in the winter, and the whole family including the parents slept on and around the stove in the kitchen. During the time of the year when the crops were all in and in the interval between sowing new seeds his father would go to the city to obtain any kind of work. He usually worked for a large tea packing concern which had a plant at that city. This was very hard work, for they sometimes labored eighteen and twenty hours per day for very little money.

When Mr. A.A. was fifteen years of age, he accompanied his father one winter and also obtained work at the tea plant. He was strong for his age and looked ^{old} ~~old~~, and his father decided to leave him in the city with a relative so that he could continue this work. His relative was a very pleasant man and had a congenial family who treated Mr. A.A. very well, and he was pleased to be with them. He worked ex-

tremely hard and saved his pay which his father would collect on his visits to the city. After two years of this, Mr. A.A. decided to go to a larger city about one hundred miles away. Due to the fact there were no transportation facilities he had to walk the entire distance, and it took almost a week. On his arrival in the larger city he obtained work unloading ships. This kind of work paid a little better than the tea plant but was much harder, for they had to carry large weights from the ship to the shore.

He continued for several years, and then decided to come to the United States, for from there he had heard stories of fabulous wages and fine living. He finally obtained a passport after much red tape and set sail for America. He arrived in San Francisco one foggy morning, only to be sent to quarantine as a case of small pox had developed on board the ship. They were all kept there for three weeks and were very wretchedly treated. The food was scarce and hardly fit to be eaten. However, after three weeks they were finally allowed to land.

He looked up several of his countrymen and he was taken to Jackson, California where he secured work in the gold mines. Here he did the work usually done by a mule, pulling the heavy iron carts along tracks to their proper destination. However, he received more money for this kind

of work than he had ever received before and was satisfied. He lived with six other countrymen in one room, their expenses were very small and they saved their money. He worked in the mines eight years, being advanced slowly to better jobs. He was finally earning six dollars a day as a miner, and since he had saved some money, he decided to come to San Francisco. The feeling against Chinese in the mining camps at that time was tense, and Mr. A.A. decided to leave while the leaving was still healthy.

He arrived in San Francisco a second time in 1904 strong in body and with plenty of money in his pockets. He picked up some acquaintances among his countrymen and looked around for something to do. He was finally prevailed upon by a friend to invest some of his money in a butcher shop in Chinatown. His friends had considerable experience in this line, and they prospered immediately. Mr. A.A. did all the heavy work while his partner did the selling and the handling of the cash. However, he was honest and gave Mr. A.A. a square deal. Their business suffered very little during the earthquake although it scared them very much. In 1909, they dissolved their partnership at a good profit to each, for his partner desired to go back to China.

Mr. A.A. decided to make a trip too, and they^{both} left for China. On his arrival at his home town he found that both

his parents had passed away several years previous, and that his sisters had married and gone to different towns. Only his younger brother remained, and he was still working the ground that was his father's. He had married and between the wife and himself they managed to make a comfortable living. Mr. A.A. remained with them for several weeks and then went on to the city where he had made his starting point.] Here he found everything had increased tremendously except wages which were about the same as years ago. Unable to find anything suitable to do, he decided to go back to San Francisco.

He arrived here for the third time in 1911. After looking around for several months, he at last went into the laundry business on Howard Street near Fourth where he is still located. He has a small store with a partition which hides the room which is his workroom, kitchen and bedroom. He works hard, but just manages to make his expenses for his place is very small and his customers are drawn from a very bad section since there are no residences in the neighborhood, only several small and disreputable hotels. When he opened the business, he was with a partner, but after three years of struggling he finally bought out his partner, for the business did not make enough for two. He does all his own washing and ironing, but of course there are no deli-

veries and all goods must be brought in and called for. He is a very genial man, pleasant and soft spoken and is well liked by his neighbors. He is getting old and is content with his little business. He has a small reserve which he had saved in former years. This he is holding for a suitable burial in the event of his death.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by

$$f(x) = \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{a_n}{n!} x^n$$

where a_n are the coefficients of the power series expansion of the function $f(x)$ at the point $x=0$.

The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the

Mr. Jin, one of the three sons in the family was born in China in 1849. During his early childhood he did not spend much time in the Chinese village school. He came to California with his paternal cousins in 1860 in one of those -- eighteenth century schooners. It took them about six and a half months' time to reach America. His first trip across the Pacific Ocean was a very perilous one. The boat often encountered disastrous typhoons and whales.

Mr. Jin and his cousins arrived in San Francisco in the latter part of February, 1861. San Francisco at that time was no larger than Long Beach of today. He said that the population rose to about ten thousand after the discovery of gold. He made his home in Chinatown which was then on the outskirts of the city. Battery Street was the waterfront, Sacramento and Dupont (Grant Avenue) Streets were touched by the water which flowed in from the San Francisco Bay. One week after his arrival in California, he began to spend one half hour each Sunday at one of the old churches taking English lessons. He continued his lessons for twenty-seven Sundays.

The Civil War broke out two months after his arrival in America. That war cut short his opportunity to improve his English. His oldest brother who was a cook for Leland Stanford, senior, in Sacramento, sent for him. He was then em-

ployed by Mr. Stanford as a garden boy until he was fifteen years old. During his three years with the Stanfords he gained their confidence and close friendship. They [Stanfords] became so fond of him that they wanted to adopt him, because at that time there were no children in the Stanford family. His oldest brother objected vigorously to such an adoption because of the difference in race and color. Just before he left the employ of the Stanfords, Mrs. Leland Stanford, senior gave to him as a token and remembrance her wedding ring.

In 1866 he tried his luck at gold mining with his cousins in Moss Platt, California. He made and saved enough money from the gold mine to take a trip back to China to see his parents and brothers when he was just twenty years old. He returned to America one year after he was married. Mr. Jin resumed his work at gold mining. Later he travelled all over California and Nevada in search of new gold mines. In between times, he was agent for the hiring of Chinese to build railroads through the wilderness of California and Nevada. At that time, the white men were either very rich or could not stand the dangers and hardships of encountering the Indians. Of course, the Chinese people wore queues, and the Indians considered them as members of their own race because of the similarity of hair dressing to their own.

In 1874 his life was endangered by the persecution of the Chinese by the white labor unions and the Irishmen in Truckee, Nevada. Because of the "Chinese Must Go" propaganda, the Chinese were driven out of Truckee and other mining towns in Nevada. The white men would shoot on sight any Chinese they would see on the streets. Fortunately, Mr. Jin was saved from this danger and exodus by one of the police magistrates whom he had befriended. He was protected in his white friend's house until the persecution of the Chinese had subsided. After that he returned to California to resume his gold mining work. In 1881 he returned to China to bring his wife to America.

After his second trip back to California he helped organize a mining company among a few wealthy Chinese. He opened an import and export business of his own, and through this gradually became prosperous. At the same time he was called in from time to time by Judge Fields of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals as Chinese interpreter. He was the first Chinese to be employed in the United States Government service as interpreter. His Certificate of Appointment was one of those old elaborate affairs. Other judges such as Sawyer, Hoffmann, Cooks, Murasky and many others also were his employers.

In 1899 another event frightened him tremendously. That

was the outbreak of plague among a few Chinese residents of San Francisco. At that time, Dr. Kenyon was the city's health director. He got some ridiculous notion in his head about the prevalence of the plague amongst all the Chinese in San Francisco. He ordered Chinatown quarantined and occupied one of the stores at the corner of Sacramento Street and Waverly Place as a laboratory for his so-called assistants. This laboratory was supplied with hooks, in several rolls suspended from the ceiling like those used in the butcher shops. He ordered and instructed that all Chinese suspected of being infected were to be "butchered". In other words, have them cut up, limb by limb and hung up on hooks for experiments and further investigation. Of course, such actions of Dr. Kenyon were atrocious and inhuman. However, this inhuman deed never materialized because the Chinese people brought a court action to restrain him from carrying out his plans. x {faded}

In 1900, Mr. Jin added the work of real estate agent to that of carrying on his business. The San Francisco earthquake in 1906 started his bad fortune. He lost all of his money and belongings in the fires. In August 1906 he started out anew. He took up mining again for awhile. Then he was interpreter in the Federal Court and the Immigration Service.

From 1921 to 1928 he began to invest in stocks. During this period he accumulated a great fortune, but he was caught in the 1929 stock crash, which nearly wiped out all his money.

Mr. Jin has nine sons and four daughters. His oldest son is a tailor; the second son a restaurant manager; the third son, a deputy collector of customs in China for over thirty years; the seventh son, a printer; the eighth son, a pharmacist; the ninth son, a chemist and linguist; and the third daughter, a beauty culturist. The three oldest sons were from his first wife.

Mr. Jin is a member of the Chinese Peace General Association, Chinese Benevolent Association and the Chinese Six Company, a most influential and powerful organization among the Chinese in America. In fact, Mr. Jin is one of the oldest and the most well-known Chinese in America. He thinks that America is one of the greatest places on earth to live in, if one is conscientious, industrious and honest. Of course his past hard and unpleasant experiences have not discouraged him. He said that the Chinese in California have been better treated during the past ten years and that the Americans are more broad-minded, more humane and less discriminating in their attitude toward the Chinese people.

L. was born in a small hamlet in the interior of China in 1870. He was one of a family of five whose parents had a small home and little more than an acre of land on which they grew whatever was possible. The father also worked at another job in the city: he would leave early each morning and walk many miles to resume his work as a chair-carrier. This was hard and tiresome work, and the pay was slight, yet it helped support the family.

All five members of the family slept on the floor of one room; when it was very cold they crowded into the kitchen to absorb as much of the warmth from the stove as possible.

In his early childhood L. canvassed the countryside hunting fuel for the fire. He had a great deal of work to do at home for his father after this chore; the rest of the day he helped his mother in the fields. There was neither the money nor the time for any schooling; as a result, until he was sixteen he had never once left the village in which he was born.

On his sixteenth birthday he was taken to the city by his father, who purchased for him a new suit of clothes and his first pair of shoes. The reason for this extravagance was explained to him: he was to be married the following month to a girl whom he had never seen. He was told that this was a good match, for his bride-to-be would bring a large dowry and would help with the work. L. found, after the marriage, that it had been an extremely good match, for his wife was a willing and tireless worker, her dowry bought more land, and the new wealth enabled his father to give up his job as chair carrier and devote his entire time to the soil.

A son was born to L.'s wife two years after the marriage, and this pleased the entire family. However, L. was feeling too cramped at home, and desired to go forth and seek his fortune elsewhere. His father was against such a proposition, and for many months there were bitter arguments between father and son. Very unexpectedly L.'s wife told him that she had held out part of her dowry, and that she had sufficient money for him to go elsewhere. He accepted the money thankfully, and found that it was a goodly sum of money, more than he had ever before seen. He said goodbye to her, and stole away one afternoon when the rest of the family were working in the fields.

With his money he bought passage overland to the coastal cities, where he met many people who had been to the United States. From them he learned of the great opportunities that could be found there, and at length decided to seek his fortune there.

He made the passage with a large group of his countrymen, who were herded together in a third class cabin of an old steamer. The entire ship was overcrowded, and the food was bad. After many weeks of this hard life he landed in San Francisco in the summer of 1893. He was already twenty-three years old, and was desperately determined to make good his dreams.

Almost at once he found a job with a large Chinese importing house. He was employed to push a hand truck loaded with cases into the rear of the establishment where he would unpack the merchandise; there it was checked and priced by other workmen.

This was rather heavy work, but compared to what he had done at home it was still not too unpleasant, and the money they paid him was more than he had ever dreamed of earning. He stayed with this firm for five years, and he was promoted several times.

After these seemingly prosperous years he was induced by a friend to quit his job and go to the Sacramento Valley to try working fruit orchards on share system. As it happened, the following year was a good one; there was plenty of rain and sunshine, and there was a record crop. This success determined him to stay, and on the whole, the nine years he spent there proved to be very prosperous ones.

With a good sum of money he returned to San Francisco in 1907, and after several weeks opened a laundry on Fillmore Street near Chestnut. He put up a wooden partition in the center of the store and used half of the place for his washing and ironing, the rest of it for his kitchen, bedroom, and dining room. Here he remained for a few years, working very hard yet barely making a living. Then in 1924 he let a friend become his partner, and they enlarged the business to about twice its original size. They are still at this location doing a very good business.

After all these years L. has lost all interest in the fate of his family in China. He has never written them, and has never heard from them. He has never had the slightest inclination to return to China. Although he is now very old and can do only a small amount of work, he has a smile for all who enter his place of business.

O. was born in China in 1860, one of a family of six in very impoverished circumstances. From his earliest years he was accustomed to roam the fields seeking whatever kind of fuel or food he could procure. His father owned a small plot of ground, but it was impossible to raise enough on it to support the family. At every opportunity the father went to the city and worked as a chair-bearer.

O. received little care in his childhood, yet at the age of fourteen he had the build and strength of a man. At that time he was assisting his father in all his work and was in charge of the ground whenever his father went to work elsewhere. When he was fifteen he went to work for a fisherman who lived on a house-boat and who would set his nets before dawn and return to the city with his catch later. O. worked hard at this job for three years and managed to earn his food and lodging. Then when he was eighteen he left the boat and worked his way to Shanghai; he had heard that men were being taken from this port for work in other countries.

He was approached by an agent who was recruiting laborers for a sugar plantation in Cuba. He was told that if he signed a five year contract his transportation would be paid, providing he paid it back from his earnings. This appealed to him very much, and he signed the contract. He, together with four hundred-sixty odd Chinese, was placed on an old steamer where they slept nine in a room, three in a bed, and three beds one above the other. There was no escape except through drowning. More than a dozen died on the way over and their

bodies were thrown overboard without any ceremony. After they arrived in Cuba they were taken immediately to an outlying sugar ranch to start their work immediately.

They were housed in old broken down tenements without any conveniences. Eight to twelve men occupied a single small room. They were notified that the first six months they would not receive any pay whatsoever, as this would help pay for their passage.

They were required to work on an average of fourteen to sixteen hours a day (with no Sundays off!) and the food they oftentimes could not eat. Quite a number did not live those six months and proved to be a loss to the company.

After six months they were notified that they would receive four dollars each week including food and board, but that all purchases were to be made at the company store. In fact, they were not paid in money but in tickets which were good only at the company store; and at the store the prices were usually three times as high as elsewhere. All this time they were bound to the company by contract and were subject to imprisonment if they broke the contract.

After spending five years under these circumstances O. suddenly found himself free. He could do whatever he pleased and negotiate with the highest bidder for his services. Since he was experienced he was offered eight dollars each week in cash; he accepted the job from another company and signed a contract for two years. Here he was given better lodgings and was free to do whatever he liked with his earnings. He saved

a considerable amount and then obtained a job on a schooner going to Alaska for salmon fishing.

He was on this schooner for seven months during which time there was a large catch. When the catch was sold he received a considerable portion as his share, and decided to remain in San Francisco. But when the boat left again he went along. For the fifteen years following he made several trips a year to Alaska, and during the slack season he would remain idle in San Francisco.

In 1908 O. and a relative opened a small laundry in San Francisco. They made a specialty of washing gowns worn by the people in the fruit produce area, and they made a good living from this. To this day they have continued to get along, although they have not grown wealthy. They are both old now, but continue to work every day, and are well liked by their customers, some of whom they have served for over thirty years.

CHINESE IN CUBA

The conditions of slave labor which existed in Cuba have been illuminated by the report of a commission of Chinese, British, and French representatives which inquired into labour practices on the island in 1876.

Some 114,081 Chinese coolies had been shipped to Cuba by that time and 53,502 of these young men had died. Eighty percent of the number had been kidnapped or decoyed. Ten percent had died on board the ships which transported them, an amazingly small percentage considering the inhuman conditions they were forced to endure during the voyage. On arrival the contract of the individual Chinese was sold to the highest bidder in the "men-markets."

"We waited in the men-market the inspection of a buyer and the settlement of the price," went on the report. The coolies were stripped and their bodies examined "in the manner practiced when oxen or horses are being bought." Ninety percent of the Chinese thus sold were unfortunate enough to be sent to sugar-plantations. There, the commission discovered that the coolies were forced to work from eighteen to twenty-one hours a day. Payment of wages was commonly made in tickets which were redeemable only at company stores.

Punishment was brutal in the extreme toward those who claimed to be sick or who otherwise annoyed the overseers. The report says, "It was possible to verify by personal inspection wounds inflicted upon others, the fractured and maimed limbs, blindness, the heads full of sores, the teeth struck out, the ears mutilated,

the skin and flesh lacerated, proofs of cruelty patent to all."

The Chinese were not able even to look with hope toward the expiration of the contract. Within two months after the contract terminated he must either have entered into a new engagement or have left the island (paying his own passage, naturally, with the money he didn't get); in the interim he must be housed in a government depot and employed at no salary doing labor for the government. Only 2,179 Chinese had managed to leave the island at the time of this report.

Mr. O. seems to have served out his contract shortly after the Commission's Report came out and conditions were somewhat ameliorated. He was lucky.



May was born in South China of poor peasant folk. During her sixth year, her debt-burdened father was forced to sell her to a wealthy landlord in order to pay the taxes on his farm. Two years before, May's eldest sister was sold for the same reason: taxes were always high and collected frequently. Although May's mother and father worked very hard and many hours a day, it was only the fertility of a womb which kept the family from becoming paupers.

May was taken to the home of the wealthy landlord, where her life was like that of any livestock commodity. She was sheltered, fattened up, and three years later taken to Canton and resold, this time to a tea garden manager.

Chan Wick, the manager, had a special tutor for his "girls." They were taught to sing, to read and write; in this manner her cultural life began.

She was a beautiful child. Her body was maturing and expressed the particular qualities fancied by Chan Wick. He forced May to live with him. Then, at the age of seventeen, she was compelled to become a public prostitute.

Two years after this Chan Wick sold her to an American Chinese, Peter Wong, who was visiting China for the purpose of securing a wife. He took May back to America as his sister, and led her directly to Chicago where Peter owned a restaurant. Here he put her to work.

Although May had long lived the life of a slave, she

had never before worked so hard. Now that she was in America her slavery changed its character from prostitution to drudgery. In spite of a chronic illness she was forced to work fifteen hours a day in Peter Wong's restaurant. At first she washed dishes and scrubbed floors; later she assisted in the cooking.

While at this job she learned to speak English. One of the cooks taught her, and told her also many strange and thrilling stories of the "free" people in the outer world.

The outer world continued to interest May, for Peter never allowed her to leave the building without him. They lived in a small flat above the restaurant and there was little reason, she was told by Peter, to go elsewhere after the work was finished.

Eventually May became very restless, and thought most of the time about wages and clothes and the other glorious things she had been told by the cook. Now she despised Peter Wong and the horrible conditions under which she worked and lived. One day she asked the cook, Yang Sing, if there was anything she could do to enable her to live the life of the free people. Yang Sing replied "Yes, you can run away, you can run away with me." May consented at once, and they made many plans.

Yang Sing quit his job immediately in order that when May left he would not be suspected. They were both afraid of the Tong. Then, nearly six months later May slipped out of

the rear door of the flat. Yang Sing was waiting.

They are now living in San Francisco, and have three children. Two of these attend school. Yang Sing is working in a restaurant; May works in a laundry part-time, has at last found the life of "free" people well worthwhile.

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W. was born in China in 1882. He was one of a family of eight who made a living from the small plot of land which had been in the family for hundreds of years. This land was intensively cultivated to yield several different crops during the year. This work kept the entire family at hard work most of the time. None of the children were sent to school. Nor did they remain at home very long: when they were old enough they left to seek their fortunes elsewhere, for each succeeding year the overworked land produced less and less.

At the age of sixteen W. left the village and went to the city. Here he worked at odd jobs for two years, barely managing to feed himself properly. Then he signed an agreement to go to Brazil where he would work on the coffee plantations. With about eighty other countrymen he was loaded on a steamer where, for the duration of the voyage, they all suffered severe hardships.

After their landing in Brazil they were herded into one large barrack under government protection, where they were given health and legal examinations. The examiners were unable to speak the Chinese language, and after much meaningless red tape those who "passed" were put aboard a train and taken inland to the plantation.

Here they were housed in filthy quarters and given dirty food. They worked fourteen hours a day in the hot sun, although many quickly perished. For this hard work they received hardly any salary, plus their room and board.

After three years of the slave labor, W. had fulfilled his contract and was free again to negotiate his services. He was known as a proficient worker and easily found a job at another plantation. Here he received a regular salary and was free to choose where he would live. He built a small two-room cottage where he cooked his own meals and spent all his free time. Since his needs were simple he saved the greater part of his wages and carried his money in a belt strapped to his waist.

After his second three year contract he was tired of South America and decided to look for something different. He found passage on board a ship carrying coffee to North America, and when the ship arrived in Bush Terminal at Brooklyn, he deserted one night and lost himself in New York. Here he lay low for several months, not daring to show himself on the streets during the daylight hours. One of his friends finally procured a railroad ticket for him and he was on his way to California.

He arrived in Oakland one morning and got in touch with some of his countrymen. Then he founded, with a relative, a small restaurant. They struggled along in this location for five years, until in 1922 they gave up their business and went to San Francisco. Here business was better, and things moved along smoothly until the death of W.'s partner. The title reverted to W., who has kept the restaurant to this day.

Although he does but little business now, and had made little money, he is very happy. He has saved money for a good funeral, his last request; there are no heirs to his small estate.

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. In the second part we shall consider the case of a homogeneous medium.

3. The third part is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions.

4. In the fourth part we shall discuss the question of the stability of the solutions.

5. The fifth part is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions.

6. In the sixth part we shall consider the case of a heterogeneous medium.

7. The seventh part is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions.

8. In the eighth part we shall discuss the question of the stability of the solutions.

9. The ninth part is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions.

10. The tenth part is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions.

Ming was born in a poor inland village of China in 1905, the fifth son of very impoverished peasants. There he lived in a mud hut with his four brothers and three sisters. When the father found that he could no longer support the large family, he sold Ming to a wealthy man in a neighboring village. Ming's father was given two hundred dollars for the sale, for the childless family was very anxious to have a child, especially a son.

Ming was six years old when he was sold. He missed his real parents and his brothers and sisters very much at first, but soon after his introduction into a life of silk clothes and good foods his memories all but vanished.

Two years after his adoption his foster parents took him to the United States. They bought, for a thousand Chinese dollars, a passport from the family of a child who, born in the United States, had recently died in China.

After arriving in the United States the family moved to a small community in California where the Chinese fruit pickers and small farmers lived and worked. Here he father opened a gambling house and did a thriving business after the season was over. There was little opportunity for Ming to learn Chinese characters, for there was no Chinese school, and his parents sent him instead, thinking it better for his future career in business, to American schools, and eventually to a business college.

After his graduation he found a position with an American firm in San Francisco. His parents wanted him to stay with them, but finally he persuaded them that he should make his own way in the world.

It was not long after his arrival in San Francisco that he met a Chinese girl who worked in the same firm. They saw a great deal of one another, and soon he realized that he was in love with her. He told her of his feelings, and she readily consented to marriage.

He wrote to his father that he wished to marry the girl, that he loved her deeply and would not be happy otherwise. The father was very happy and gave his consent at once. He told Ming to make preparations for an elaborate wedding, and sent him a large list of friends and relatives whom he must invite to the celebration. A great number of presents were sent to the groom and bride-to-be. His parents wrote them that after the wedding they would take him and his wife to China for a visit.

But two weeks before the wedding was to take place Ming's father and mother came to San Francisco to meet the bride. There was little but tragedy after this meeting, for his parents forbade him to marry this girl from Han Gar district. They explained to him that in China people from Han Gar were of a much lower class than people from Han Shan. By so marrying Ming would certainly bring unhappiness and even disaster to the family. Ming's father, who by this time owned several gambling houses, did not care to see all of his winnings revert to the hands of the pet-

ty fruit pickers and small farmers, and this he readily told his son.

Ming did not marry the girl at that time, for without his father's money there could be no ceremony and very little security for the bride and groom. The marriage was postponed and the presents returned.

Soon another letter from his father reached Ming. He told him that if he would return to China with foster parents and forget about this love affair, he would give him three thousand dollars. Ming refused this offer, knowing too well that his father would have a marriage to a girl he did not know arranged in China. His foster parents could not persuade him otherwise and soon, after realizing his determination, they returned to China without him.

After a year Ming married the girl he loved, though without the ceremony they had once planned. Ming worked very hard in the office, but his salary was very small. His wife worked, too, until she was about to bear him a child. Ming, who was not a good provider, and who none the less was used to luxury, refused to give up his apartment. At last he sold his car, but still kept the apartment which cost him a great part of his salary.

This sort of existence worried Ming a great deal. When in desperation he gave up his apartment and moved to a tenement dwelling, he felt that he had failed as a husband. He tried his hand at gambling, had considerable luck at first, gave up his job, and then lost everything. Thus disillusioned, he joined the ranks of the unemployed and with the exception of a few part-time jobs, has remained thus ever since.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The text is arranged in several lines, with some words appearing to be "I have", "received", "from", "you", "the", "sum", "of", "one", "hundred", "pounds", "sterling". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid.

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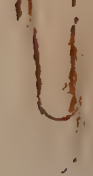
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Y. and his wife are very old and have worked in the Santa Clara fruit orchards since 1880. They came here together from China when they were first married. They left China because their families were no longer able to provide for them properly. A relative of the woman's father, who had been to the United States and had returned to China for a visit, told them that he would take the young married couple to the United States if they would agree to do work for him and repay him whatever money he advanced them. This was agreed upon and they booked passage in the steerage of an old ship. They suffered severe hardships on the trip and were half starved before they arrived.

Shortly after they arrived they were taken to Santa Clara and started to work at once. They lived in a barnyard structure with about sixty more Chinese men and women. They worked from early morning until far into the night. For this they received in the beginning just their board and room; they received no money because the man who had brought them over was a straw boss who collected their earnings for four years to reimburse himself for their passage money from China.

These two quiet people have remained among the fruit orchards all their lives. They have had good times and bad, but their conditions on the whole have improved considerably. They work hard when there is work to do. They are both illiterate, having learned to read and write neither Chinese nor

English. As for their spoken English, they have learned only several necessary words and phrases as long as they have been here. They are fond of motion pictures, and attend whenever it is possible for them to get into town. They don't understand them, but they are delighted with the antics of the figures on the screen. This is their greatest enjoyment.



1. The first part of the paper
discusses the general principles
of the theory.

2. The second part of the paper
describes the experimental
results and compares them
with the theoretical predictions.
3. The third part of the paper
concludes the paper and
discusses the implications of the
results.

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It was difficult for Lee Hong to tell his story. Though he has been in America for many years it is not easy for him to express himself in English. The peasant, Lee Hong, has never become adapted to the confusing pulsations of America.

Lee Hong was born in the Hunan province in China. Born in a family long engrained in the traditions of peasantry, his early youth was spent in work, work that gave birth to nothing but hunger and taxes for himself, his mother and father and brothers and sisters. Lee Hong's education was limited to the use of his hands in toil and in worship of the sun, the sky, rain and clouds, the moon and the stars.

The taxes became heavier and heavier. The little strip of land upon which Lee Hong and his family were dependent for work and long enduring starvation was taken over by a rich landlord. Lee Hong's mother died. His father gathered the children and the few miserable belongings and started for Canton. Enroute Lee became stranded from the family and many months later arrived in Canton alone.

In Canton he got a job as a janitor in a store. While working in the store he was influenced by the revolutionists who were at that time brewing the revolution of 1911. Lee Hong participated in the revolution and remained in the army until the beginning of the World War.

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During his services in the army, he became a physical degenerate, a victim of opium. Lee explained that the use of opium is a tradition in the Chinese army; it is sold to the soldiers by the officers.

In some way a distant relative, who had migrated to America many years before and was now visiting Canton, heard of the terrible plight into which Lee Hong had been conditioned. The relative secured the release of Lee from the army and brought him to America under the provision that he would become a fine moral person and would work for the relative for five years without a salary in payment for the passage and the kindness of the relative.

Life was not very interesting for Lee Hong in New York city under the terms of his bondage. But Lee Hong was patient. The five years were endured, and Lee was released. He then worked at various jobs, married, saved his money and three years later moved to San Francisco. Lee Hong had heard many glowing accounts of the good opportunities in San Francisco.

Until 1931 he was always able to find work. Food and clothing for his wife and three children became the extent of his ambition. Since 1931 Lee has not been able to find a job. He has been living on charity. "America all right for time but now bad like China", were Lee Hong's closing words.

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Lee
Oakland,
California

17,000 words

Since early morning a cold, furious wind swept raging over the black city, violent in its anger, and the dark storm ~~XXXXX~~ clouds hung like a heavy blanket up above, obscuring the sun in the thick ominous gloom. Exceedingly still the day became, and the rain blew in from the bay, sweeping the city in a cloak of darkness. Steadily the rain had fallen, with a regular precision, slashing against the window panes with a dull monotonous rhythm, and every small beat of rain was like a heavy blow on Joel's heart. He felt a coldness around him, a coldness brought forth not by the winter air, but by a peculiar fear of death and sadness.

The room was hushed with a strange quietness, for Hodge lay dying in this winter night, slowly dissipating away. Her sickly and difficult cough broke over the hazy stillness of the falling evening, and when slowly her cough died away into the distance, merging into the void of night, Joel heard the ever falling rain again. All day a peculiar silence full of lament and the sense of death hung drearily over the house. Then gradually as the day yielded to the coming night, an added tragic atmosphere came over Joel. Underneath this ominous silence, he felt an oppressive and inevitable tragedy which was slowly gathering to an unbearable point. Darkness lingered everywhere. The silence of the room was shattered into tiny fragments by Hodge's lone coughing.

Joel sat nervously in the room, looking now and then at his brother Victor who remained silent and alone in the far corner near the door. As he sat there watching Midge a sensation of fright and bewilderment came over Joel. The whole atmosphere in the room held a taut and tense feeling, ready to snap at any moment. Glancing at Midge again, Joel became afraid. Midge appeared so peculiar in the shadowy and imperceptible light, like an apparition, a hallucinating phantom of far away. ~~She was like a ghost, like a~~

~~She~~ She peered out, her face without life or movement.

Like a frozen statue Victor remained silent in the hush and unwearying silence. Long he had stood there, static, rigid, tense with fright, and when Joel looked at him and saw the peculiar mark of fear on his face, he shuddered.

A whole morning had passed by thus, and his sister Midge was leaving away. Breaking the monotony of night, her coughing came frequently, and while the echo of her cough rang for one short moment, Joel's ears detected its message of death. He wanted to believe that Midge was all right, yet right before his eyes he saw her, so thin and gaunt, and he looked away quickly. It was like a foggy nightmare, unreal and far away. He watched on, frozen in his coldness. The silence of the room was like a cold blanket around him.

He went toward the window, and looked far out into the city. As far as he can see, only the darkness and the falling rain were visible. There was no life or movement anywhere.

dark masses of shadows, deep, obscure, and led together in the gloomy silence. The pushing rain ran into the gutter, sweeping the dirt and filth along. The sense of death was everywhere, in the cold black night, in the emptiness of the room, but most of all, in the sick bed where Madge lay. Madge lay white and cold there, her long dark hair falling roughly against her thin shoulders, her pale green face very cold and frightened on the whiteness of the bed. She moved uncomfortably, tired, exhausted, as if the very moment was enough to spend her strength completely away. Her chest heaved up and down.

To Joel, as he saw this slow agonizing death of Madge, a gripping fear came resting upon his sensitive soul. Never before had he seen a person die before, and now in the loneliness of the night, the life was slowly draining away from Madge. Was she really dying? He could not believe it. He stared at her often, saw her weak and listless eyes, her thin bony body which was like a hollow shell. No life was evident in her face, a pale white face, immobile, and queerly strange. Despite her body's valiant struggle for life, she was gradually losing strength, but the breath of life clung stubbornly on, refusing to flicker out completely.

Joel looked toward his mother. She sat close to the sick bed, caring for the girl tenderly, encouragingly in the last moments of life. Worried, exhausted, she remained sitting there, striving bravely to ease the sick girl.

Fearfully Joel remained in the far corner of the room, afraid to come any nearer, afraid to look Madge directly in the eyes. He felt lost and forgotten in this moment of death.

Victor stood near the doorway quiet and nervous, shifting awkwardly on his feet, looking at Madge, then quickly looked away. To Joel, this calmness brought forth to him an eerie quality. It made him realize that the coming death of Madge was a reality, and that it was not a dream after all. All morning he had felt peculiar, like one wandering around in a fantastic dream, waking up suddenly, then falling into sleep again. It was a queer sensation. Into this ominous silence which lingered on all day and afternoon, there came to Joel a realization that his sister was beyond help. Two dreary years she had lain there, and doctors had come and gone. Now she was dying, and nothing could be done for her. And as Joel gazed at Madge again, he knew too that she herself must know that she had not long in the world. She coughed now and then, a loud shrill cough, suffering and often painful. A sharp pain ran over Joel everytime he heard it, feeling every small pain, every difficult gasp of breath.

Madge's eyes held a dead and frightened look. Joel looked away quickly. All around him the silence hugged into the nooks and corners of the walls. He glanced at Victor again. Victor did not move, remaining stiff and rigid like a statue.

Joel became dizzy, nauseated by the foul sickly air

which filled the interior of the whole room. Unable to watch Madge any longer, he went quietly into the kitchen, and opening the back door, he peered out into the dark night. The night was engulfed with a gloomy desolation, covering the city with its anguish. Out from the darkness came Madge's suffering cough again. Joel felt his body grow frigid with fright. He closed the door and came inside. Now in the soft mellow light he saw Madge's face again. Her eyes had a haunting look, so strange, so far away. But her eyeballs were the strangest of all. Sometimes they glistened out in a most eerie manner, and once Joel caught a glance that brought a chill upon him.

Now Madge lay very quiet and calm, her thin hands falling weakly across her sunken chest. The mother held the grip of the dying girl's hands in the palms of her worn ones.

Even at this moment when he could see her actually dying, Joel could not believe it was true. It seemed impossible that Madge, now still alive, would soon be dead.

Often in the lonely night in his room Joel heard that sick and terrified cough breaking through the silence of night. Once he was awakened by it, and then in the weirdness of night he heard it, a lonely, wailing cough, and he felt that the night itself was death calling. But now it was not a dream any longer. Madge was actually dying. A heaviness came over Joel, and suddenly his eyes filled with tears, and he was unable to control them.

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Silence enveloped the whole house, sinking into every crack and corner. Nothing stirred. Outside the wind kept howling through the street. The rain slashed against the windows with renewed vigor.

The sense of time and reality was lost. Joel was not conscious anymore of time and space, he only knew that Midge was dying. He felt alone. Quietly he made his way to the far corner where Victor was standing.

"You don't think that Midge is going to die, do you?" he asked fearfully, his voice cold and strange.

"Don't say that," Victor whispered quickly, "she's going to be all right." But even his voice held no conviction that he believed what he said.

Now in the soft yellow light Joel shuddered again. He felt a cold shiver running through his body. Then suddenly, piercing through the silence of the room, Midge choked. She broke into a coughing fit. Rising and falling, her breath gasping with torture, Midge clenched the bed with her knuckles. Squirming and tossing, she was unable ^{to} control herself. She choked, and out from her mouth there emerged a thick greenish mucus, foul and sickly, filling and polluting the whole room with its unhealthy smell. Midge moved in her bed, and in her eyes a great fear crept, leaping suddenly over her whole emaciated body. Her mouth gaped open, but from it there came no sound now. Quivering with pain, her throat twisting painfully, Midge tried to yell, but no sound could be uttered.

she had lost her voice, and now like a fighting maniac she moved and writhed tormentingly. Her eyes bulged up white and ghostly, her mouth opened wide, and her hands clenched against the bed tightly. It was a ghostly sight.

Unable to comprehend what was happening, Joel watched on, startled with fear, and he felt his nails biting deep into his flesh.

For a moment even Victor was unable to grasp on to the fact that Madge was dying. When at last the truth dawned upon him, he rushed forward, and grasping hold of Madge, he held ^{her} tightly. With a sudden spurt of deadly strength, Madge managed to free herself, and writhing madly in the bed, she fought like a wild maniac.

As Joel watched, the truth dawned upon him, leaving him clear of the naked truth that was happening before his unbelievable eyes. The clouds which blinded his vision lifted suddenly, and he was left alone in his corner, still unable to comprehend that Madge was almost dead. Alone in his corner he wept, silent and lost.

Madge moved, writhed once with deadly strength. Then she moved no more. She was dead. When suddenly the room became still as the limp body settled slowly back into the bed, Joel knew that it was all over. Now a wide stillness lay over everything. The tears rushed to his eyes, dripping down his face, blinding him to everything around him. When he was able to check the flowing tears, and when the storm

of despair blew against him no longer, he looked at Midge's limp body, and he knew that she was really dead. Now as suddenly as Midge had died, the loud weeping of his mother broke over the room. Yet in that weeping there was a satisfaction that at last the girl was well, and that she would not have to suffer anymore.

Joel shuddered, and he felt a coldness wrapping around him. The night came on like a dark haunting shadow, silent and eerie. And into this silence there came death.

Chapter Two

Haunting, lingering days followed. A tomb-like silence settled drearily over the house, as if a pulsing and vital breath had suddenly been smothered. Grief, sadness crept everywhere. Joel felt a sudden coldness around him, a large empty void, hollow, without life or movement. Suffering a deep and poignant pain, he wandered around the house in a sort of somnambulant detachment. Deep within his heart, he carried a heavy sadness, yet he tried valiantly not to reveal ^{it} ~~it~~.

Deep, dark silence crept over the house in a misty veil, hiding, obscuring everything. The bond that held the three of them together was now broken suddenly, and each felt a taut strangeness for the other.

Sometimes when Joel wandered into the room where Marge once occupied he expected to see her there, lying there weak and pale. For two continuous years he had watched her suffering, and even now when she was gone, he could not bring himself to believe that she was really gone. Yet here was the room, lonely, and forever silent. Even though Marge was dead, Joel somehow sensed her strange presence in the emptiness of the room. In his silence he mourned for her, his heart heavy with an ache and grief. Often in his lonely days he thought suddenly of her, and thinking of her, he suffered by himself, alone. He didn't realize that he would miss her so much.

Her tragic death lingered clear and undimmed in his memory, reminding him often of her white face, her suffering eyes which used to stare so frightened at him. Long days had gone by now, and still the memory of that winter night clouded his mind. Slowly as the days went by, the silence in the house began to disappear, fading away until it was not so reverent at all. At this time Joel noticed that Victor was once more his himself. Even his mother had regained her composure, although it was very evident in her face that she carried a deep and poignant pain in the throes of her aching heart.

Victor forgot Hodge easily, quickly. To him, her death was something that happened, a thing of the past, forgotten. But to Joel's sensitive mind, the death of Hodge remained forever precise and clear. He dreamt often of her, and again her ill eyes, the open mouth. He saw her dead face, white, cold. Never, he knew, would he be able to forget it.

Chapter Three

But no sooner had normalcy settled once more over the household than a new sadness came rushing in to bring added tragedy to Joel. When Midge passed away, he felt detached, broken from a vital piece of life that was once himself. When he thought that the gloom had gone, and that now he had to suffer no more, his mother fell ill. Completely spent, exhausted by the long hours near the bedside of the girl, her strength gone, she lay in bed, pale and weak, and for countless days she remained so far away, so aloof to the world around her that she frightened Joel. Sometimes when he looked at her, he thought he saw Midge there, then when he looked again, he saw his mother's tired and worn out face.

Now into his complete loneliness and surrounded by all this unfortunate grief, Joel felt separated far away from the world. There were days when he felt extremely melancholy and dull with life, unable to penetrate through the gloom and see the bright side of life. Being by nature a very quiet and sensitive boy, this illness of his mother came as a new and bitter pain to him. He suffered along with her, and thus he felt cold and frightened.

Many times in his room, sitting alone, separated from the mortal life, dreaming of things in vague recollections, Joel felt a strange loneliness and in these moments of desolation, a rushing stream of sadness swirled around him.

engulfing him along the suffering current, drifting him into the miseries of the life and people around him. He felt destitute in the midst of this emotional and mental conflict.

Now his brother Victor was not as sensitive a soul as Joel, and the atmosphere of pain and poverty was but just a fleeting glimpse. But to Joel, it bit deeply into his sensitive mind, and his inner self rebelled against it, yearning for a new freedom to lift him out of the painful surroundings. Frequently in the soft twilight of the evening he sat on the steps of the house, and while he sat there in deep thought, he gazed far out into the life around him, and his heart grew heavy with grief. The whole universe teemed with the suffering mass of humanity which seemed to be forever in pain. Sometimes the image of Edge would come suddenly before his eyes, a hallucination, and then opening his eyes wide in bewilderment, he saw only the emptiness of space. It was peculiarly strange to think that Edge was gone. Wave upon wave of emotional conflicts came over him in these moments. Thus he was caught in this unexplained fear of death, and into his loneliness now, he felt apart.

Many months later when his mother got well, Joel felt a temporary joy again.

But a deep wound came into his heart when he was told that they were to leave this house forever. His mother told him, her voice weak and uneven, and when he asked

her why, she turned her head away, and was slowly weeping to herself. Then sadly he made his way to his room, gathered whatever possessions he had and with his face averted, he wept to himself. And as he picked his things together, he knew that memories of this house would remain ever clear in his mind.

When at last they moved into the small tenement house in the poor region of the city, Joel realized how much he missed his former home. Now he felt strangely awkward. Forced into the poverty of this new life, he was swept unexpectedly into the current of suffering, and he found himself carried away, rushing onwards towards the dark abyss of despair. Sadness loomed up dark and menacing around him, furious and crushing in its terrific power, and he was powerless to stop it. Thus he was caught in the maelstrom, and there was no escape, while all the time the raging force of the struggle beat upon his sensitive person. There arose in him a bitter desolation, sad and hard to eradicate, which forced a melancholy existence into his now bleak and barren life. Occasionally through the thick haze of gloom he saw a sporadic flash of supreme joy, only to be swept away suddenly by the dark ominous surroundings.

And thus the days passed by, sluggishly, forever dark and haunting.

Chapter Four

In the ensuing years that passed tediously by, the death of Midge entrenched deep into Joel's sensitive mind. Many times he thought of her, and of that winter night when she passed away in pain, cold and white. By this time Joel discovered that death was not just a long peaceful sleep, as his mother had told him long ago. He saw people die, and he saw people coming into the world again. When a person dies, he is put into the bowels of the earth, there to sleep and never to return anymore, forever.

Into his confused and whirling mind, the thought of death came often, and sometimes fearfully. Tried as he did to forget about Midge, yet he cannot, for he remembered the scene, and it laid a dark and vital impression on him.

Steadily, although he was not conscious of it at first, the fear of dying built itself upon his tortured mind until the very mention of death always brought to him a cold feeling. With his fear dominating his mind, Joel realized at last that he was really afraid. Often in his lonely days, days when he was alone and separated from the friends and companionship, he thought again of life, of his early days in the old house. It did not seem possible to him that his sister who once played and laughed with him was no more now. A person just couldn't go away so suddenly, and remained forever lost and forgotten.

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The whole pattern of earthly existence seemed to change over suddenly, when she went away. It was as if a vital spark of life had suddenly flown away into the distance, lost, forever forgotten. And Joel was not able to adjust himself to the normal world. And he thought of death again and often.

He felt a new sadness, a depressed anguish in his daily existence, a new and unexplained feeling which brought to him only the weeping and gloom of the universe. He became deeply melancholy, unable to believe anymore that there are gladness and joy in his life. To him everything either lived or died. And death came more often than birth. Life was the beginning of existence, the joy, the bright life, happiness. Death was the end, the gloom, sadness. It was the long silence of forever. He found it hard now to focus himself with clearness and precision upon the changing scene around him.

Something in his life was gone, and he couldn't recapture it anymore.

Time in monotonous rhythm the days went on. Many summers and winters had gone by already, and yet Joel mourned silently for Madge.

Only in summer when the trees were green with leaves, and when the world sang its song of springtime gladness was Joel able to forget the dreary outlook on life which clouded his perplexed mind.

Summer when the strong vital heat brought to him strength and vitality, a new surging of life within him.

It was then that he could be able to draw in a deep breath of vibrating air and hear the marvelous tones of nature. Bright golden days they were, full with the sense of fruit and throbbing of life. The sleeping world suddenly blossomed forth into all its magnificent flowers, waking from its sleep, flowering into a song of cheer.

This realization washed away the doubts and black thoughts from Joel's person, and the joy of living came over him, clearing his vision to the scenes of the world.

One day in the hot summer Joel went up to the roof of the house to get a breath of air. It was a hot day, when the warm gentle wind breezed everywhere. It was Sunday, and a great peace had settled calmly over the city. Far away to the left among the purple hills in the far distance, Joel could *see* already the magnificent trees sweeping across the hills against the turquoise sky. The whole land beneath him shone like a clear jewel, glittering, bright. The wind fought its way through the singing leaves, and a joy of aliveness, of breathing came over Joel. He lay down in the heat of the warm sun, staring out into the far distance. How calm it was on this day, no worries, no doubts. A leisurely peace settled over the land, and now it reigned supreme for the moment, lingering and indeed beautiful too.

A new and complete freedom surged through Joel, and deep in his heart there lay a new joy and gladness.

Gently, the trees swayed with the wind.

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With eyes lifted towards the sky, he thought: If life was only like this, untroubled, unperturbed. For this supreme moment he was able to forget the despondency of the world around him, the very first time that he could thrill at the tranquil peace. Like the trees and wind, living and breathing, Joel drew in a deep breath, and he realized suddenly that he was just a minute atom in this immense universe. Unconsciously there came to him at this moment a realization that a great and surging power was all around him, a power which he was not able to really capture, but which he felt joyously now and then at the strangest moments.

Once long ago he remembered when he went across the bay in the darkness of night, feeling greatly exalted by the beauty of the dark city. He went up on deck then. Far below him was the dark bay, radiant and glowing in sleep, silently murmuring, stretching out into the distance. There was something so beautiful, so awe-inspiring in the magnificence of the night that he felt like breaking into tears. As he stood there in the midst of the strange silence at that time, he felt a strong desire to burst forth into song, to recapture that certain feeling, that surging joy which came over him. With his heart full of joy, he drew in a deep breath, and was completely exhilarated. Darkness was all around him, broken only by the sparkling city lights far away. With his face lifted, he sang out into the darkness of his supreme joy.

Again and again he was lifted high into exultation, and at times he was so lifted in his joyfulness, that although his mouth stood silently open, he could not utter any word.

This incident had remained indelible in his memory, and often he thought back of it, happy in his remembrance.

Now again, this Sunday morning, he felt that secret, strange power which gave him a confidence in life itself. It brought forth to him courage, strength, and a willingness to go forward. Deepening memories which stirred within him radiantly awoke, and with his eyes bright with the enthusiasm of life, he pressed far toward the purple hills and was happy that he was alive in this day.

Like a smooth flowing river the afternoon slipped along. With the sun and air sliding their way through the untroubled day, Joel sensed a new and intense feeling gripping him. He was lifted far away far this moment of moment. What more can he say of the moments that followed. He discovered new and strange things, secret, strange, and indeed magnificent too.

The day blossoming like flowers, the whole world singing its song of springtime gladness, Joel too became the trees and the flowers, communing with nature.

Then at last he came down to the earthly world again, he knew that he had discovered a new satisfaction in life. Deep within him a voice was saying, "If I could only feel like this forever, I could never know any sadness."

And he drew in a deep breath and felt indeed wonderful.

Chapter Five

Yet that moment of vital faith which came surging over Joel's person was but only fleeting. As quickly as it came, quicker it disappeared, until like a fast flying bird singing its way into the far distance, Joel was unable to recapture it again. His mind, once more dominated by intense fear, Joel sank deep into despair. He became bitter with everything, everyone around him, fretting away his time and energy. Hours at a time he sat alone in his room, staring out into space, lost and detached from his surroundings. The city lay wide and huge before him, the pulsing life halted for the moment. Spending his days in a world of his own, self-centered, by himself, Joel became greatly melancholy, and still more lonely than ever before.

His mind in a turbulent state of anxiety, Joel was not able to realize that these worries were sapping his strength and vitality to a great degree. Each day, each hour, was dull and long, never ending. For a length of time haunting doubts and worries had been accumulating within him, bothering him, and now with a crushing force they smote down upon all his sensitive person, and he was caught in the full fury of the impact. Losing all interest in life and the people around him, Joel had no more ambition or hope of the future. Drowned in the maze of rushing troubles, tossed upon the sea of everlasting conflicts, he was sub-

merged into the sea of sadness.

He was unable to understand the continuous conflict of his mind, his mental gloom of the future, or the melancholy aspects of life. Like one closed in beneath a deep cavern he remained in the surroundings of the ominous enclosure, groping around blindly for the light.

Three times the leaves in the trees had blossomed forth, and three times they had shed their leaves, standing like naked skeletons in the winter air, yet through these changing years, the memory of Hedge had come before Joel repeatedly. Sometimes in strange moments he saw her, and sometimes he thought of her deliberately. Unable to understand his constant thought of Hedge, he tried often to divert his mind to more pleasant things, but always he failed. By this time the haunting fear of death had built itself ^{into} ~~in~~ an immense and haunting dread in Joel's mind. It was a fear so great that often he found himself thinking of it, and it remained in his mind for many days, so that he could not think of anything else.

In queer moments sometimes he felt that Hedge was before him, and the years that had passed, really had not passed, and that everything was but just a bad nightmare. Tried as he did to rid his mind of the fear of death, he was unsuccessful.

He remembered that winter night. He remembered her eyes, that haunting look. Sometimes Joel saw only her eyes

floating eerily around the room, strange and ghostly, penetrating deep into him. Even when he closed his eyes to avoid looking directly at them, he saw those eyes, forever haunting him. He was conscious only of time passing by rapidly, with eyes and more eyes around him, revolving, turning in dizzy rhythm.

In the darkness of night, he could not sleep, dreaming, drifting back to strange unearthly places. Red and green light flashed in the obscurity of night. His ears rang with frightening sounds. Often in the middle of the night he woke, and waking, he glanced fearfully around him. He saw the tables and furnitures moving around, and strange voices spoke out from the walls. He became panic-stricken at the fear of death, and being afraid, he could not sleep for the rest of the night. And in the morning he would wake up, completely spent and tired by the eerie fantasy of night.

More aloof Joel became, until he had no more hope or ambition left. His severance of the bond with the world around him was not deliberate, but one which came gradually over him, until fearful and withdrawn, enclosed in the shell of pity and fear, he was unable to project himself into the world again.

In the midst of suffering he was aware of a slow dissipating away of his vital strength, a gradual flowing away of his health and vitality. Disgusted with life, addled

by the atmosphere around him, he became tired of living.

And scarcely the days passed by, forever slow and dull.

Late one night he woke up suddenly in the darkness, feeling lost and strange, and a peculiar fear gripped him with bewilderment. The house was quiet in the silent hush of night. The darkness was strange and ominous. Joel felt as if he had fallen into an empty void in space, lost and separated from noise and turmoil. Then suddenly a loud ringing sound thundered in his ears, deafening, shrill, and almost unbearable, drumming against his head with terrific force. Slowly a pain began to creep over his body. Slowly gathering force, steadily creeping upwards, it commenced, until it was so bad, ^{so} painful and ^{so} sharp, that Joel buried his head deep under the pillow. His body felt like a tight knot, strongly constricted together with sharp cutting steel. The pain slow in starting quickly developed to an unbearable intensity. Like small darts of fiery arrows, it pierced deep into the body of Joel. He clenched his hands together, twisting uncomfortably on the bed, gasping for breath. He turned to his right, then to the left, until he was frenzied with pain and horror.

His body felt hot. He grew rigid with intense pain. Acutely the pain ran wild all over him, up through his hands, then to his feet, but mostly in his abdomen.

The moments were everlasting, unending, it seemed.

Tears, caused by the suffering, came rushing out of his eyes. All around him was the darkness, and in this darkness he saw grotesque images of fantastic things, chairs and tables which moved dizzily around the room. The dark night stretched out unendingly, and the coldness which suddenly came over the night was weird and eerie. At moments like this, his mind filled with strange things, things uncomprehensible otherwise, he felt surrounded by phantoms from far away. He saw his mother laughing out loudly, his brother Victor jumping rope, shadows turning, revolving in turning circles. He closed his eyes again, but the images remained precise and clear, utterly peculiar and frightening.

The terrific pain seeped into his very flesh and bone, biting and clenching him to pieces. Like the force of a sweeping hurricane, the pain raged all over him, gnawing at the inside of his body, gripping him in the full fury ~~of~~ the storm.

At this moment a cold fear swept upon him, and in this fear he became senseless to the terrific pain which was bothering him. Suddenly in the darkness he saw Midge's face again. He saw her open mouth, her haunting eyes. Her face loomed up clear and ghostly, drifting around the room. For the moment Joel was unconscious of his pain. His heart beat very fast, knocking against his chest loudly.

The sense of death was everywhere, and Joel felt it in his system, and he became afraid.

Forgetting the pain in his fright, he felt better. It was as if the sweeping hurricane had passed and done its destructive work, and now the lull, the peace came, soothing him in his sufferings. Slowly, as the pain left his body, his mind cleared, and the tense feeling of rigidity slowly went away from his body. He felt sleep coming back to him.

Just when the peace was slowly gathering over him, and just when he was about to settle back to sleep, the pain came back again. By now, he was frenzied with intense pain and horror. Yet all during the night he stuck on, confident and sure that the pain would go away. He made no attempt to get out of bed. He was too tired for that. He felt himself slipping again into sleep, then to be awakened again. Starting suddenly from a dreamy state, then slipping again into sleep, Joel passed the night with confusion and pain. It went on thus until Joel's mind became blurred with visions and images.

Outside a faint gray light announced the coming of dawn. The cold wind blew in fresh and vitalizing. Joel drew in a deep breath. He closed his eyes, and tossing, suffering, he finally slept.

The tears rushed out of Joel's eyes, tears of fright, of suffering. All around him was the darkness, and in this darkness he saw grotesque images of fantastic things, chairs, tables, and furnitures which moved in revolving rhythm. The dark night stretched out unendingly, and the coldness which suddenly came over the night was weird and eerie. At moments like this, his mind filled with images of strange images

Chapter Six

When Joel finally awoke early the next morning, completely exhausted, he felt a weak and hollow feeling in the region of his stomach. He was cold, and picking up his robe, he put it on quickly. His whole body was aching with pain from last night, and when he walked on the floor, he felt as if he was floating in thin air, unable to keep himself steady. Outside the sky was covered with dark gray clouds, and the rain threatened to fall any minute.

In the pale morning light he peered into the mirror on the wall, startling suddenly when he saw how green and pale his face appeared, ghostly, drained white, without a sign of blood. The morning was cold and gray, and in the coldness of the room, he shuddered, feeling strange and lost in the chill room. He felt extremely nervous, and a peculiar fright began to come over him. He looked himself in the room, shutting the fear from his mind. Tired and weak, he had a strong desire to go back into bed, to feel the warmth of the blankets over him, to sleep undisturbed for the day, to forget school and studies for the moment.

He no longer felt the pain which bothered him the night before, but there was a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach. And he was very cold. Looking into the mirror again, he shuddered to himself. His face was like a corpse. That was his going to him, he thought fearfully.

as it a nightmare, a fantastic imaginative dream which he experienced last night? No, it couldn't be, it was a real and shuddering horror that still lingered in his mind. Thinking back of it suddenly, he felt a greater fear than when he was in the midst of suffering his pain. He was like one who went through a period of intense pain, and who, in the trembles of the moment was unaware of the danger, and who finally sensed the danger and realized how fortunate he was to get out of it alive.

He shuddered. A ghastly feeling came over him, a feeling of disintegration, of sinking down towards the earth.

He looked around the room. How queer it was for him to feel so strange and lost, and afraid. He busied himself in the room, trying to forget his fear of death again. There was death in the room and everywhere, out in the cold morning, inside the bare walls, in the house, within him, slowly disintegrating away. This was the beginning of death, the empty void. He dressed quickly, his hands trembling and shaking continuously. The room seemed to turn around him.

When he came downstairs the smell of burnt food assaulted him terribly.

His mother was putting a cup of coffee on the table.

"Eat your breakfast, Joel," she said, "you're late."

Joel stood there looking at the food, his stomach tight as a knot.

"I'm not hungry, mother."

"Some warm food would make you feel much better in a cold day like this," she said, sitting down, slowly, sipping her coffee.

"I just don't feel like eating this morning," Joel said irritably.

His mother looked up at him.

"What's wrong, Joel, you're so white and pale this morning. Don't you feel well?"

He said sullenly, "There's nothing wrong with me, I just not hungry." He went into the kitchen, turned on the water and washed his face. The cold water revived him a little, and he felt better.

He felt cross and irritable, desiring to be alone and away from the house. However, he cannot tell his mother of what he had been through last night. He cannot bring himself to tell her about it.

He went up to his room and got his books together, then he came down, put on his cap, and went out into the grey day. Walking through the street, he felt depressed, and the billboards wept with the dull day. All around him he saw only the greyness of sadness and in moments like this, he felt like shutting himself away from the noise and turmoil of the city.

A chesty, melancholy feeling came over him, and he felt again that life was but just one continuous rhythm of endless pain and suffering. His mind became numb with fear, a haunting fear of some horrible death.

Joel glanced at the sky again. It was dark and heavy, the thick clouds pressing together, threatening to rain at any moment. The air around Joel was cold, and his feet became stiff. He ran slowly to keep himself warm. The winter air soothed his tired body, invigorating him, and then slowly he felt his anger and irritable disposition leaving his body. Calmness settled over his mind temporarily.

Then once more, strange as ever, his mind wandered off in detached thoughts. Why is it that he is always thinking of death? Has it become a haunting obsession that keeps troubling him constantly? He would think no more of it. He would forget it now. There is still life around him, vibrating and vital. Yet here he is, thinking of death again.

Walking, his mind still in a confused turmoil, Joel finally stopped before the school. He felt as if he had come back from an eerie dream of long ago, and that now he was back in the normal world. He went quickly inside and felt warmth and comfort around him.

His mind in a whirling daze, unable to concentrate on his books and studies, Joel wandered from one classroom to another that morning, dreaming, lost and strange. Worries clustered his mind with mental torture until he had no comfort whatsoever. He shivered, shrinking within himself for warmth and comfort, despite the warmth of the room. By afternoon he was so sick, he felt faint, and he could hardly walk without feeling that he would fall any moment.

The terrific pain which bothered him the night before now came again. Starting slowly, gradually building up to a sharp, acute pain, Joel gasped for breath, dreading every moment of his torture. His abdomen felt like a hot volcano, ready to erupt, but the hot embers lay smothering within him, flaring out at moments, then slowly cooling again. The inside of his stomach felt like burning, but his outer self was almost frozen. While he sat there in the room, he fell into a dreamy state, the room becoming more indistinct the more he suffered.

The afternoon somehow managed to drag by slowly. When the bell finally rang, announcing the end of the school day, Joel was so cold, he pulled his sweater around him tightly.

He put his books away in the locker, made his way out to the street. Parts of the sky had become black. The cold wind raged all around Joel. Growing colder within himself, he turned the collar of his coat up. The pain, still gnawing in his abdomen, was at an unbearable peak now. He could hardly breathe.

Suffering, gasping for breath, he stood in the cold wind, eagerly waiting for the car to come. He felt a slight trickle of rain in his face. It was beginning to rain. The rain fell on the street wetting it until it was like a smooth mirror, shiny and slippery. It seemed like long tedious years before Joel heard the rumblings of cartracks. He got into the car, feeling completely drowsy and weak, his whole body frozen by the rain and wind. Fantastic images drifted before his eyes, and he blinked his eyes often, afraid of falling

into sleep. By now the rain was falling down in torrents. Like one lost in a fantastic nightmare, the trip home was a series of vague and dreamy hallucinations. The people blurred into nowhere, then coming back suddenly to his visions. His pain was so bad now that he writhed in his seat, moaning audibly. However, after what seemed like an endless period, he finally reached home. By this time, he could hardly walk. He felt himself sinking down. Then suddenly his eyes grew black, and he sank heavily to the floor.

A dizzy feeling drummed against his head with terrific force, and Joel saw figures moving like eerie spirits, strange and peculiar, and the voices of the people were like those of strange beings. Then there came to him suddenly that awkward feeling of sleep that was not sleep, and when he opened his eyes once again, he sensed the feeling of not knowing, of forgetfulness. He felt a coldness, a numb sinking feeling inside his weakened body. He sat up in bed, straining his eyes to capture that intangible feeling that he is alive, and that he is here, and that everything is all right. In such critical moments he felt as if he was in another world, away and far apart, yet so very near.

He lay in bed, deep in pain, his eyes blinded by tears, staring out at the blank walls. He tried to sleep, but sleep would not come to him. He lay down on his white pillow, tired, exhausted, unable to comprehend the strangeness that came to him in such moments of utter despair.

At night when he awoke suddenly in the darkness, frightened and cold, he saw dancing figures before his puzzled eyes, the image of a lady he once knew, the figure of his mother laughing. He gazed with complete bewilderment at this strange scene, but the images remained, and when he hid his head in the pillow, they appeared from underneath, from above, piercing the obscurity of the weird deep night, a night of dizzy fanaticism.

Delirious with fright, he soon fell asleep, completely tired out by the eerie fantasy of the queer night. And when the morning light began to eke through the white windows, his courage returned, and he was a little brave.

Then the same regular events took place, his medicine three times a day, his morning meal at nine. The whiteness of the walls, of the whole place made him shudder. He thought of funeral marches, chanting of choirs in the church, and the tombstone in the graveyard while the unceasing rain beat upon it. Then he tried to forget, to diverse his thoughts to something pleasant, but the everlasting scene of death remained indelible, piercing sharply his thoughts so that he had no comfort whatsoever.

The long weary day passed on, and the wind and rain beat upon the window panes, and he heard the cold wind of December sighing in the hush of night. A feeling of death called to him, beckoning him to join the sailing of the night. He saw the bright light of candles shining, he

heard the song of chanting choirs, and then his memory faded away into the unconscious void of nothing. Joel felt himself drifting towards the whiteness of nothing.

On a certain night when the cold rain fell throughout the night, Joel saw a dancing green figure coming into the window near the wall. The figure waved his hands and told him to follow. The air was chilled, cold like the water of the Arctic Sea. The dancing figure came close to him, and spoke in a hollow voice, and he felt a cold grip on his feverish forehead. Outside the wind howled, and continued to sigh in the cold, wet night.

The next morning they found him in his bed, his heart scarcely beating, his face white like a sheet. And Joel, in his sleep heard the murmuring of voices, the continuous moving around of footsteps.

"Joel," his mother's voice spoke out. He felt the dripping of hot tears on his cold face.

"He is very weak," another voice put in.

Then Joel felt his breath caught in his dry throat. His spine was icy, and he shuddered.

Footsteps moving, moving. Images blurred before Joel's memory, flashes of churches, tombstones, singing choirs, dizzy whirling of the whole scene and place, a confused pattern of frozen images, all these came and went like a haunting dream. Slowly his consciousness came back to him.

He heard his mother's voice, "Oh, God, he is moving."

And when he opened his eyes, he saw once more the white room. He felt as if he had returned from some strange land, back to someplace familiar. He realized how close to death he was, and how a miracle saved him at the last moment. It was so strange to him, this peculiar feeling of coming back. Now as he lay down to sleep again, his breathing became regular.

He could distinguish the face of his mother above him. Then close to her, he saw Victor, looking down at him. Near him was the doctor, busily writing out a prescription on a pad of paper.

Joel knew somehow that he was all right, and he felt confident and sure that someday, somehow, he would be completely well again. His eyelids felt heavy. He drifted into peaceful sleep.

Chapter Seven

Joel breathed easily. The violet ray lamp felt soothing to his weak body. He closed his eyes tightly, shutting out the glaring light, feeling for the first time a comfort and peace which were denied him for so long. He felt strong and vital again, and lying down in the couch, the light shining down upon his body, he thought back of the many months that had gone by. Three months had passed by, he remembered, and daily, regularly, he had come up here. Now in his third month of illness he felt for the first time a slight improvement in his condition, his frail body had developed a little flesh, and his green face lost much of its paleness. Lying down in the soft couch, he remembered each day and each month as clearly as if everything happening was before his eyes now. This was a long bitter battle which he was fighting with all his strength.

The months had gone by tediously, and still he was held in the grip of sickness. Sometimes in the early dawn he woke up with strength after a night of calmness, but when late afternoon came rushing on, his strength and vitality dissipated away, leaving him much weakened and tired.

He would lie down in bed, feeling weak and forever pale.

During these moments of weakness, Joel felt lost. In his room he had a close intimacy with death and was afraid.

In his days of complete sickness, Joel felt greatly

depressed, and frequently during the day and night he would lie in the softness of the bed, staring out into the unfathomable darkness, experiencing the queer sensation of not belonging in the existence of life. Alone he was, bitterly melancholy and dull with life. Forced into this loneliness of being by himself, shut away from the rest of the pulsing world, he was swept into the current of fear. Withdrawn and fearful, he sat in the pale light of the room, opening his eyes again to remind himself that it was not a dream, but a reality, he was lost in the silence which was like a heavy blanket around him.

From the sadness of the earth, hidden behind a soft gentle kindness, there came forth a cruel and violent anger, and it was through this anger that he saw the revealing pain, the miseries of the world at large. Worried, troubled, he became disgusted with the ordinary routine of life. A hollow existence, an empty shell which held nothing but the weeping song of despair, this was life.

And lying under the violet-ray lamp in the doctor's office, he felt for the moment an ease and comfort, a peaceful sleep like the gentle touch of a lover's arms. Soothed temporarily by the warm heat, he rested, but deep within him the roots of his illness were firmly entrenched, ready to flare again at any moment.

Thus more or less deliriously, his life drifted past him like phantoms of the past.

Chapter Eight

Ponderous days again and again. Unending and dreary months too. The sense of time and space revolved dizzily around, the tangible feeling of aliveness was smothered in the worries of Joel's mind. Far away, separated from the mortal world, it seemed, he gazed upon the changing scene with startled eyes. From the deep hole of despair he ~~lired~~ ^{tried} valiantly to lift himself, striving to separate himself from the miseries and doubts, yet the more he tried, the more deeper he sank into the abyss of darkness, unable to penetrate the dark surroundings that swept ragingly over him.

He felt so far away, detached, cut off, and now engulfed in the remorseful scene, he was a different person, one that frightened his inner self. Outwardly he was a pale corpse, and inwardly, he would not believe that he was half alive and half dead. Often his memories drifted back to the old house, back to the days when Midge was alive. Like a sudden dream, he saw once more the scene, that cold winter night when she passed away. Shuddering again and again, a haunting coldness came over him. Wave upon wave of chillness broke over his frozen body.

Yet through all this grayness he held on with a hope of the future, a future so far away, distant and hard to reach. It was this intense and unshaken feeling, a longing for life that saved him, that aided him, that helped him on the

here and barren days when life was clouded with worries and doubts. It was this desire to live for the time being that gave him a new and confident feeling, and was enough to pull him through the hard and trying days. He thought again of his days, of his loneliness, and it came forth once again like a bad dream of nightmares. There were times in his melancholy existence that he thought perhaps he was slowly disintegrating away, slowly oozing away to a bitter end. Tried as he did to destroy the thought from his mind, yet he was not able to do so completely. There came to him at odd moments quick rapid visions, glimpses of things unreal, of death and everlasting sadness, visions which threw him out of rhythm with daily life. The future stretched out unendingly, unreal.

In the consciousness of his mind, Joel sensed a bitter feeling toward life. Constantly, though he wished it otherwise, he thought again and again of dreary and gray scenes. Lurking deep in the back of his mind were worries that lingered on, forcing him to doubt that he was well. Like a heavy stone which sank quickly into the deep pool, so these thoughts pulled Joel into the well of deep despair. He felt and saw the reality around him, yet it was hard to grasp. It seemed so unobtainable, separated from him by a thin but absolutely impenetrable veil. Like one who was cut off from the stream of life, he stood willingly by to enter into the mortal world again, but he was too far away to take the step.

In the midst of isolation from everything, everyone,

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he had a sudden awareness of time sweeping by rapidly. The reality around him was obscured by the veil of doubt. Before, he might have had a sense of time and the pattern of earthly existence, but in the midst of swirling hurricanes of sorries, he was lost, and thus he shuddered, frightened by his new outlook on life. Has it been months now that he had not seen the interior of a schoolroom? Memories of school, teachers, students were like phantom dreams of long ago. They seemed so far away.

At the approach of summer once again, Joel felt a new increase in power, in spirit. Vitality and strength raced through his once sluggish system, feeding his body well. He would lie in the warm sun, enjoying the fresh and vital air. There was a favorite spot of his in the roof, and he would go up there often, lying down for hours, thinking, wondering. He was aware at his strange behavior of being by himself so often. No longer had he any desire to associate with people around him.

Despite the fact that he had hope of the future, he felt depressed. He was like one lost in a dark cavern, gripping around to see the light. Like an animal startled by fear, Joel wandered around in confusing circles, getting more dizzy with each step he took.

At night when he darked the light in his room, he would look out into the deep darkness, and in his imagination he would see images of things, of people dead and alive and he

would grow afraid. He tried to fill his mind with things cheerful and sunny, but he could not, for the sadness would come surging out of nowhere, sweeping the brightness into the darkness of oblivion.

The days dragged by slowly, each with measured tread, clouded with sadness, hidden in the gloom, forever dark and ominous.

The summer yielded away to autumn. In autumn the leaves fell from the trees, dead yellow leaves, drifting away in the rushing wind. And Joel like the leaves too drifted away, back to the coldness and deadness of nothing. Caught in the wintry air again, he was carried along like the dead leaves so far away, back to the bowels of the deep earth, then to reappear again the next year.

Suddenly he realized that one whole year had gone by. He was still under the doctor's care. Fear broke in upon him, and often he wondered how much longer was he to be like this. He himself did not know. He had gone to the doctor so often that it was like a habit. In the morning he would go up there, took his treatment, and then like a mechanical instrument came back to his home. One whole year, really, this had happened. It was all a dream, he thought, it can't be true. I can't be sick for so long. But when his consciousness cleared he knew that it was the truth.

Once, unable to bear the thought any longer to himself he asked the nurse who cared for him with the tender care of mother, "What is happening to me? I'm so afraid. It's been

such a long time."

The nurse looked at him understandingly. "You stop worrying," she said kindly, "and you'll be all right."

"But why does it take so long for me to get well?"

"You're a sick boy, Joel," she told him, "and it takes a little time for you to be well again."

"There's really nothing wrong with me, I mean, nothing serious, is there?"

She laughed to see his upturned face, so searching and demanding. "Of course not. You'll be all right in time."

Listening to her, his eyes searching for the truth in her eyes, Joel knew deep down in his heart that it was foolish to drown his mind with all these doubts. He fought his way into the clearer channel of thought, and whenever he found himself worrying he thought to himself: I'm all right, I'll be all right soon. And so for the time being, he felt uplifted, looking toward the future, toward the day when he would be well again.

Chapter Nine

In winter the rain came again, washing the city clean, sweeping away the dust and filth into the gutters. The cold wind settled over the street, and the city shivered in coldness. Sometimes a heavy fog came swirling in from the bay, hiding the land with its gray blanket. The trees and people were like eerie white ghosts. The pulsing life in the land settled back into the bowels of the earth, there to sleep, awaiting the coming of spring. The trees shed their leaves, and dug deep into the earth for warmth and comfort.

The earth froze in the chillness, and the snow came often and regularly. It carpeted the street with whiteness, glittering like a bright jewel. The life and breathing of the universe was hushed for the moment. Spring and summer waited in readiness to sprout forth their glory.

Deep within him Joel felt a stirring, a yearning for the bright golden days of summer. Drearily he watched the land drifting into sleep. He saw the dark clouds fighting in the gray sky. The sun became afraid and shone no more.

Rain and more rain. The wet city was washed again and again by the falling shower. The brown earth drank in the water, and the roots of trees and flowers were ~~fed~~ ^{fed} with its life-giving fluid. Spring rustled beneath the earth, but winter refused to give way. Coldness was everywhere.

Joel looked forward to the coming of spring.

The earth sighed, but the sighing was smothered by the ever falling rain. Gray days. Days of rain and snow. The sky wept unceasingly. Gradually the earth thawed away, and the white snow became water. The land stirred in sleep, ready for awakening. The trees yawned, proclaiming the coming of life again, and the whole country was ready to give the earth its children in birth.

Joel too awoke from the sluggish sleep of winter. From a long dreamy state of vague recollections, he emerged once again. He felt the call of nature, the call of movement and action.

Spring came fluttering in like a butterfly. In spring the rain stopped. The green grass and flowers shot up through the brown earth. Life was again in bloom. The pulsing life rumbled through the earth, and the children of nature obeyed, ^{re}arising upward toward the fatherly sun. The sun smiled to his children thriving so abundantly down beneath.

Warm vitalizing days. They stretched forth, and were everlasting. And the warm air, full with sense of fruit, it too, was indeed wonderful. The land grew happy, and mother nature rejoiced.

The trees once more wore their green cloaks of leaves. The flowers decorated the earth with beauty and grace.

Spring danced gracefully away. Summer blossomed out into huge magnificent flowers, scented with sweet perfume. The current beneath the throbbing earth rushed with renewed

The earth sighed, but the sighing ceased

vigor, fully awakened at last. Golden summer days. They whispered among the trees softly. The fulfillment of hopes and desires were within reach.

To Joel, as he watched the parade of the seasons go by, the sense of reality, the sense of time flew away like a fleeting bird. Another year had come and gone, and what did it signify?

He did not know. Regularly he had seen the seasons come and go, and yet through all this, he was in a sort of dream, in a hazy state of unreality. Since the beginning of his illness he had separated himself from the world around him. He found it hard to associate with people, to mingle with them anymore. In a world to himself, he was surprised often at the great change that had come over him so gradually. In solitary confinement, he had ample time to think, and in his thoughts he was confused.

Summer had arrived, and he woke from deep slumber. He had a desire to move away from static surroundings, and in the fragrances of the deep summer night, he moved among the shadows of the trees in an enchanted spell of wonderment. Summer stretched forth its golden fingers, and the lad was gripped in the health and vitality which it gave forth.

A sensation tingled through Joel's body. He was lifted high in a wave of gladness. Wave upon wave of enthusiasm broke in upon him, tossing him high in the glory of hope, electrifying him with the rushing life which went surging

through him like a gliding needle.

The warm evenings were gentle like the soft arms of a lover. The whole land basked in the glory of the shining moon, and the earth sighed with affection. Between the dark velvet darkness Joel sensed a glowing movement within him. Nights he left the house, walking in the silence of night while the song of cheer played around him, and the scent of pungent flowers flaring everywhere. The monotony of life, washing around him halted suddenly, the dark curtain of despair fell away, and the magnificence of living came over him. In this embrace of joy, he returned his love to the night, and he was content to be the lover.

Sitting outside in the warm summer evening, the air musically playing everywhere, the heavy veil of cloud which hid the wilderness from Joel's eyes lifted suddenly, and once more he was again alive and vital. The long dreary hours of mental torture dispersed away quickly, and a new freedom of joy winged through him.

Summer fell gently and landed on soft feet. Fascinated Joel watched the movement of life in the earth. Like the ever growing trees and flowers the earth opened wide its arms to greet the day. Joel too blossomed forth in all his glory, the petals of his yearning bloomed fragrant and pungent, the sharp edges of pain and worries obscured for the moment, but the roots remained alive and vital, ready to spring forth into cancerous growth. The corpse of his outer

self had fallen away, the worries and doubts buried under the avalanche of joy, and now in the full bloom of the summer season, his eyes eager for love and life, he moved silently and affectionately in his rendezvous with life.

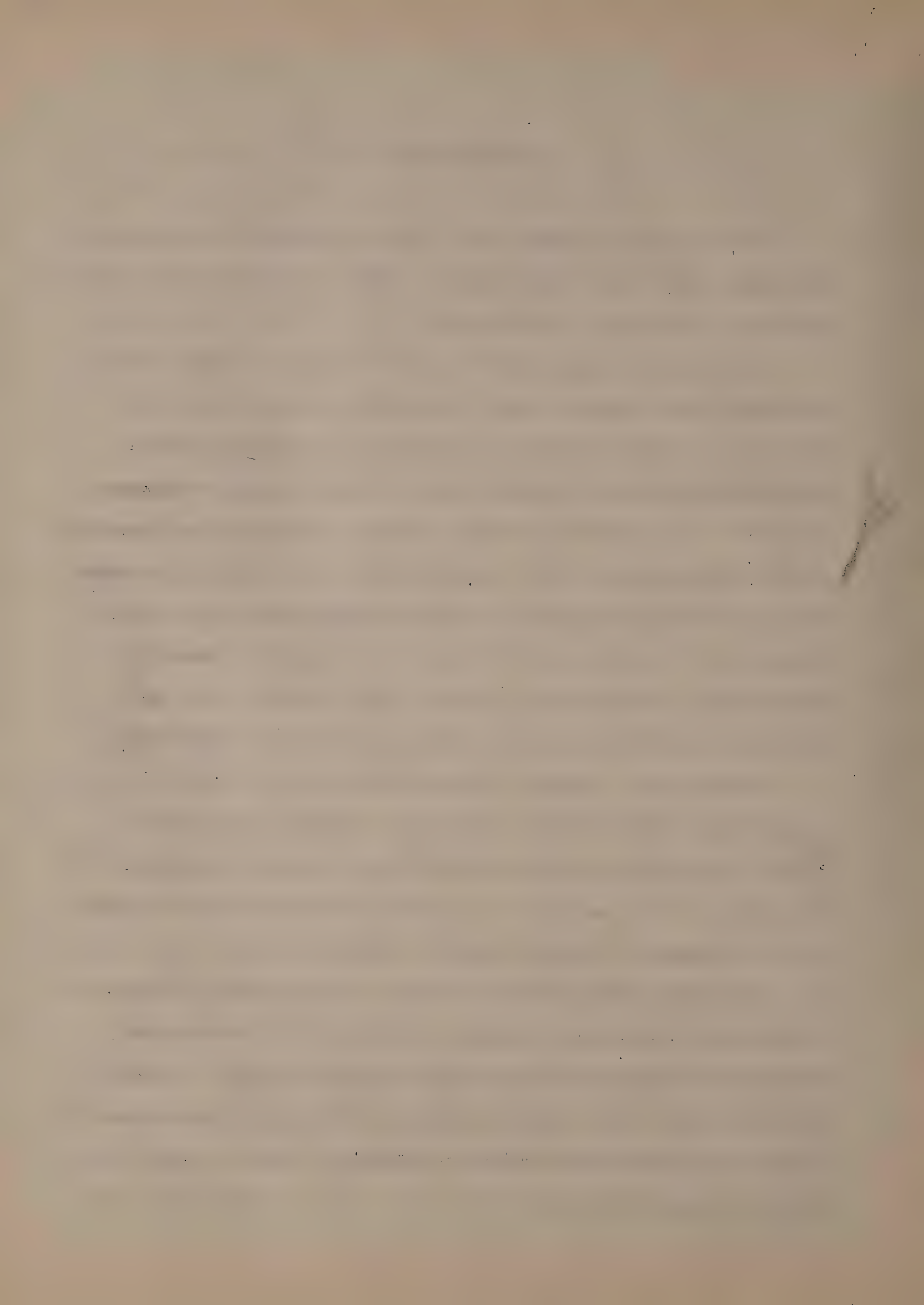
Belting, hoping, in this supreme revelation of dreams, he glimpsed for the moment again the strange secret power, the power which lifted him high into the ecstasies of supreme thrill, and while he did, the dawn of courage and hope stirred gently against him.

Chapter Ten

It was a warm summer day, the land quivering with warmth and heat. The sun, like a copper penny, shone out in glorious splendor, glistening and bright.

Quickly the city gave way, and the country came forward, extending its welcome hand. Joel stared out of the car's window, intensely stirred by the scenes around him. The open land stretched forward like a rushing river, forever onwards. Roads and more roads winding their way around the neck of the golden hill. Shooting straight toward the sky the hills climbed upwards, the crowns touching the clouds up above. It was a day of life, a day when everything on earth, every living thing, took a deep breath, a day when the eyes behold every little delicate detail however small.

The sky was cleared, stringed with white jewelled clouds which floated lazily by. The whole landscape was like a master painting, stroke on with ^{the} magic brush of a genius. The day was hot, warm, and vibrating with the heat of the healthy summer. On both sides of the road small hills loomed up, decked with tall fragrant trees, reaching toward the open sky. Stretching far into the land, the road turned, twisted, and finally shot upwards toward a slope. The hills rose and fell with graceful rhythm, crawling skyward one moment, and the next dipping, dissolving away into the brown earth of mother nature.



Immediately upon entering the country's atmosphere, Joel had noticed a distinct increase in the warmth, and taking off his coat, he drew in a deep breath and felt vigorated. Fresh and fragrant fruits mingled pleasantly together, pollinating everywhere. All around the trees stood with majestic grace, tall and stately, forever beautiful. Gaudy and brilliant wild flowers ran lavishly wild, smothering the face of the earth with their beauty. In wondrous beauty, like a delicate trip into dreamland, Joel could not believe that what he saw was an actual reality. Entering into another world it seemed, a world of peace and calm, a world he never knew, a deep and vitalizing feeling surged tingling through him. How wonderful it all was, he thought, how tranquil and quiet. Impressed greatly by this gripping power of nature, he remained quiet, staring out the car's windows, peering out into the dreamland around him.

Victor drove along, his eyes straight on the road.

"I never knew the country's heat was as hot as this," he said, turning to Joel. But Joel didn't hear, being drunk with the intoxicating wine of the country air.

The whole land before his eyes was profusely illustrated with the magic brush of nature. Scenes of pure wondrous beauty passed by, leaving a clear vision in Joel's mind. For this moment all the ugliness, the turmoil, the disappointments and worries dissipated away from his mind. There came to him suddenly the realization that nature itself was

mysterious, yet so understandable at times, able to work miracles. In the midst of this wonderment the rest of the outside world was lost, and Joel was lifted into celestial bewilderment, pure and unadulterated, while all around him the tide of secret and strange voices spoke. The trees brought forth a message, so did the land itself, so did the wind and sky. With his mind washed clean of all vague and melancholy fears, Joel for the moment was unconscious of himself. Away and apart now he was, seemingly floating, high in the realm of an unknown power.

It is summer now, his inner self said, and I am alive. I am the trees, and I am the rushing river. I am the air which warms the earth. I am the earth which gives forth life. I am everything today, living, breathing for this moment of moment. Then thinking to himself again, And what am I? I am life, a voice answered, and he was stirred by the new faith, the new power which he felt once or twice before, but never permanently.

On and on the car raced toward the country, toward the ranch. One moment the land was stripped bare of everything, then when the car rounded the curve, the trees and flowers came rushing up once again, shouting cheers of welcome.

Afternoon settled peacefully over the valley, and the sun moved toward the west.

Again and again was Joel stirred by the scenes around him. Even Victor noticed the enthusiasm in Joel's eyes.

"You seem to like the country very much," he said.

"It's really marvelous," he answered, drawing in deep breaths of air.

Riding in the car, the land gently slipping past him, the trees warm with the heat of sunshine, Joel experienced a glowing and inspired sensation. He had acquired a new outlook, a new impression as blue as the sky, as gentle as the wind, as significant as the land itself.

Afternoon came and went gently.

A feeling of peace, of satisfaction came over Joel. Consciously he lived now, really lived for this moment of supreme joy, and like a running river that suddenly surges forth into the confluence of its tributaries, so did Joel enter into the stream which sprang forth from him. Surrounded everywhere by this revelation, he was thrown high, lifted far from the mortal world, swept into the river of life and movement.

Slowly afternoon yielded, and early evening came.

"Are we near the ranch now?" Joel asked.

"Very soon," said Victor, and he raced the car more rapidly.

Soon far away they could see a small wooden house in the midst of trees and shrubbery, a welcome sight to Joel.

And as they neared the ranch, evening came and covered them in darkness.

Chapter Eleven

Nothing broke the huge stillness of morning. A quiet summer morning of tranquil peace. Then suddenly from the throat of a lonely bird there came forth a song, a song of supreme ecstatic joy, winging through the morning air in symphonic delight. The sun flared bright in the sky, sweeping across the blueness. So into this beautiful quietness there came this song of freedom. Far beyond the hills lifted high their heads toward the celestial firmament. Brightly silhouetted against the sky, they were breath-taking in their wondrous beauty.

The sun threw its beams on the walls and floors, illuminating the whole room with brightness. Slowly Joel stirred in bed, and opening his eyes he saw the light of morning flaring everywhere. The clean vibrating air was warm with sunshine, and it came surging forth abundantly.

Dressing quickly, eager to wander out into the glorious outdoors, Joel was stirred immensely. His heart sang out in symphonic rhythm. In the other room he could hear Victor breathing loudly.

Joel stood outside, a tingling and utterly inspired feeling coming over him quickly. Far out the open land sang its song of gladness. Every scene brought forth a message of hope. Slowly walking along the brown dirt road, sweet and pungent flowers on both side of him, the blue

sapphire lake rippling along in the far distance, there came to him that ecstatic feeling of exaltation and delirium.

With inspiration of life and movement within him, he walked along. Serenely, majestically, the silence caressed him. Into another world, forever beautiful and gay, he was carried away into delicate dreams. Communing with each other the trees whispered, and the everlasting river rippled along its course. For this moment Joel felt himself a part of nature, like the trees and rivers. Standing here in the open country, the wind and water moving along its natural ways, Joel sensed a new enthusiasm in life. Nature flowered forth in all its magnificent glory.

Lying down in the soft grass, feeling strong and fine, he knew as he lay there that never would he forget this moment of joyous discovery.

It was a morning of peace and calm. Out beyond from the hills there came rushing forth the mysterious power of nature. Joel came forth to meet it, and meeting it, he understood, and understanding it, he listened. Listening, he rejoiced. It was a power of strength and alight. It was the power of life.

And the very air held its breath while the power whispered: There is only life in the world today. Death is forgotten. Sadness is no more. Life again for the moment.

And swept into a higher plane of thought, Joel listened and felt renovated.

Live and rejoice for this moment of moment. The moment is now and forever. There is no death, somehow there is no death.

And listening again Joel understood. There was no death, and never can be.

No death for him or anyone. But from the hills the dead must come again. Again and again.

Focusing himself upon the scene he saw the lives of many, bound together by common cause. There was mother, Victor, himself, and Hodge. Hodge was gone, so long ago, yet so recently too, it seemed. But from the hills she came, and he felt her presence everywhere.

There is no fear in death, and never can be. Hodge was gone, yes, but she lived on in himself, in mother, in Victor too. And because she lived, she was not dead.

The sun moved across the sky, and dark shadows crept under the trees, darkening the earth. It was afternoon, late afternoon.

Hills in the distance turned purple with shadows.

Lying under the whispering trees, the wind softly touching him, the voice and power of nature winging around him Joel knew that he had discovered a strange and secret power. A power of clear thought and vision. There is no such thing as death, he remembered, and the thought of death no longer remained in his mind.

In enchanted mood he made his way back to the house.

Then entering the house, his heart glad and light with hope and courage, Joel had a sudden desire to proclaim his sincere affection for the country. Sitting down in the chair, the doubts and worries of his former life falling in dead scales at his feet, he dreamt again and again, in supreme revelation of hope. Uplifted in thought he sat there, happy in his contentment, satisfied in his buoyant exuberance.

Softly the evening flared into magnificent flowers, then faded away when night crept slowly over the horizon. The blue of the sky gave way to night, and soon darkness descended. Peace settled everywhere. Only the majestic silence of night was audible. Gradually the blue of the sky turned into brilliant crimson and purple, fringed with golden streaks of light. The sun blushed red, and dipped far into the horizon. Peacefully, stirringly, night came slowly on.

Chapter Twelve

And the days that followed, secret and strange, what more can he say? Deep within his heart, he felt light and gay. He had discovered a new and important outlook on life, capable of clarifying him to the new aspects of life which he had never known. In the ripple of the stream, in the dew on a blade of grass, in the golden sunset of evening, he discovered the secret of life. It was there always, yet he never had seen it till now.

Joel had a favorite spot under a large tall tree, and one morning, his last day in the country, he made his way there, walking slowly over the brown road. Once again he drank in the beauty of nature, the picturesque hills, the golden land shooting upwards, the green grass, all these and more would soon be gone. He would leave all these behind when he go back to the city. Back to the ever rushing tide of humanity, the speed, the noise, and the foul polluted air.

Not a single mist blurred the clear vision of day. Life and movement were again everywhere, surging forth from the very earth. Occasionally a bird fluttered by, breaking the silence of the day.

To Joel, these many days had been a glorious vacation. He knew that within him, he would never forget these moments of joyous discoveries. In full possession of this new power, he rejoiced again.

Lying there under the tree, the blue sky sweeping onwards towards the horizon, the rippling of the lake slowly playing over the rocks, Joel felt different. Had such a short time in the country made such a difference in his point of view toward life? He was an entire new person, renovated, inwardly and outwardly, completely changed over. And he thrilled at the power of nature.

He thought: If I could only feel like this forever. If I could only retain this enthusiasm on life and living, I would never worry again. And he looked toward the sky and was happily exhilarated.

Morning gave way to afternoon. Now Joel suddenly realized again that this was to be his last day in the country, the brightness and gladness of his mind became obscured. Drifting into a meaningless stream of thought he saw himself back at the old house, sitting in his chair, worrying about life and death. Had he changed greatly? What would be his reaction now?

He looked around him again. Was this all a dream? No, it couldn't be. It was real, the trees, the sky, the grass, himself, they were all real and vital. But soon all of them would be gone, and he would be in the city again, back in the little room which he called home.

In the late afternoon, he made his way back to the ranch, his heart heavy with sadness. Victor was gathering his things in the car. He looked up at Joel. "Where've

you been all morning?"

Joel remained quiet, his eyes slowly filling with tears.

"I've been around," he said quietly, his voice hardly audible, his mind far away and apart.

Victor was starting the motor of the car. "Get in," he said, "we're going out right now." He glanced at Joel, seeing his sad expression.

"You like the country very much, don't you?" Victor said.

Joel got into the car reluctantly. "Yes," he said.

The car moved forward slowly, quickly gathering speed, and then the ranch was lost in the distance. Joel saw the land flitting by, and soon the car was on the highway speeding towards the city. Soon darkness settled everywhere, and up above the stars shone out bright and glistening. Silence crept over the earth. The sky turned black, forming a dark velvet blanket for the twinkling stars.

Unconsciously Joel's mind drifted back, back to the scenes he had just left, back to the shades of the trees, to the golden brown hills, to the ranch. They were only memories now, almost forgotten. The road was dark, and through the thick masses of trees Joel could see the moon and the sky. Twisting, turning, the car shot onwards towards the city. When suddenly the car emerged upon the city, Joel saw again the bright lights. Nothing was changed. Victor directed the car towards the house. "We're home," Victor said after a while.

"Yes, we're home," Joel said sullenly.

Chapter Thirteen

One morning, waking from a sleepless night, Joel made his way to the window, feeling deep and depressed with worry, and he looked far out towards the horizon. In the opalescent misty morning the city had a hi-vernal atmosphere, sluggish and lazy in sleep. Nothing stirred the calmness of morning, but the movement of life was everywhere. The tall skyscrapers stood like steel ghosts, and directly underneath, the ever rushing tide of humanity surged onwards. In the dull morning light Joel felt alone and far away. Far over the horizon the country lay in slumber. Joel's heart yearned once more for the green trees, the forest, and the crimson sunset which still lingered forever in his memory.

Peering out into the distance, Joel's mind wandered away, leaving only the corpse of his outer self intact. His physical sense was dead, but his mind lived, and living, it moved away. Far away it drifted, lost in the void of time and enclosed in the wilderness of shifting time and space. And when the detachment of his mind came back, Joel startled out of his thoughts. Strange, he thought again, how a little time away from the city was able to make him forget about himself, to forget his loneliness. How all that was quickly dissolved away. Since coming back from the country he tried to capture that intangible feeling of hope and courage, but somehow, it would not come to him. Sometimes a joyous

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exuberance came over him, yet there always came to him that utter despair of hopelessness. There was an emptiness in his heart and an ache in his body. There were brief sporadic moments when Joel felt contented, and during these moments he felt like living, with a hopeful interest in life, with a certain zest and enthusiasm. But these moments were rare and far apart, separated by an unbridged distance.

Many mornings as Joel stood looking out the window he had this same feeling of not belonging, a queer sensation of being away, lost and forgotten.

One morning followed another, and when Joel looked out one day, he saw the leaves falling from the trees. Another winter was approaching. The earth settled back to sleep, hibernating in deep slumber. Then came spring, with summer following rapidly in its footsteps.

Three years had gone by now, years of suffering and torture, of quick rapid moments of joyous exhilaration. Now this third year came darkly, and to Joel it was a series of long dreary days, each one as dark and dull as the other. Thinking of it, his mind in a constant whirl, Joel saw himself suffering to the end of his days. Once more he became fearful of death again.

He thought: Why am I never well? What is the matter with me? But he could not penetrate the puzzling question that lingered in his memory. It was all like a dream, a fantastic nightmare. Three years. It seemed impossible,

yet he knew it was the actual truth. Three long years of worries and doubts had managed somehow to drag slowly by.

This couldn't last forever, Joel thought again. Just how much of his imaginary thoughts are fantastic, he wondered. Then suddenly a thought came upon him. Perhaps after all he was slowly ebbing away like Kedge. He shuddered to himself, feeling a sudden coldness all around him. He looked at his hands. How green they were. His face felt hot. Now it is the third year. It couldn't be, no, no, it just couldn't be.

He was better than he used to be. The doctor had told him so, but was he telling the truth? Could he be hiding the actual real truth from him?

Joel felt no peace whatsoever, and days the thought lingered in his sensitive memory.

One morning he went up to the doctor's office to take his treatment, and while sitting there he had an odd feeling of being out of place, an unexplained feeling of strangeness. He looked at the four walls around him, white and black. How many times had he sat here? How often had he sat in this very same seat? Could it be real that after all these years it was not a dream anymore? How much longer was he to keep coming up here? He shook himself to shake away that fearful feeling of drifting away. Yes, he was here. This is the third year of his illness. I can't stand it anymore, I just can't. Oh, when it is it ever going to end?

"All right, Joel, you can come in now."

Joel startled suddenly. The nurse was standing in the inner office, holding the door open for him. He got up from his seat and went inside. He walked nervously into the little booth, his hands clenched tightly against his pants.

"You're little nervous today, Joel," the nurse said, looking at him. He remained quiet, unable to say anything. Then suddenly unable to suppress his thoughts any longer, he said, "Nurse, you don't think anything is happening to me, do you?" He looked nervously around him. His voice was shaky.

"You're just nervous."

He looked at her. "Sometimes I don't know to do. When I think back of all the time that has passed by, it frightens me. I...I'm afraid." Slowly he took off his sweater and shirt.

"Shame on you," the nurse said with confidence, "a big boy like you afraid. You're much better than you used to be. You put on a great deal of flesh, and you have more vitality than you used to have." She opened the violet ray lamp.

"I don't know why, I just can't help worrying," Joel said, lying down, covering his eyes with a towel. He lay there lost in thought. "It's been such a long time, three years now, and I don't know when it'll end."

"You worry too much, Joel."

He closed his eyes tightly. "I tried to stop it, but I can't."

"Worrying would never make you get well. It would only prolong your sickness."

He remained quiet. He peered from under the bright light, searching for the truth in her eyes.

"I just got to know something, nurse. There's really nothing wrong with me. I'm not...I'm not..." he broke off.

She came close to Joel. She said quietly, "I understand how you feel after all these years. You're very ill when you come up to us. But you're getting better every day, every month. It takes a little time for you to be completely well again. I think you're doing very well."

Joel relaxed. After awhile he said, "I'm really getting well then, I'm not getting worse, am I?"

She laughed softly. "Of course not. You just stop worrying, Joel. You'll be all right."

Suddenly he felt the tenseness leaving his body, and a bright light seemed to come suddenly into his mind, clearing away the doubts and worries. A tingling sensation crept all over him. He felt a new confidence returning to his body.

How strange it all was. Just awhile ago he was thinking of death. Now he thought no more of it. What a big difference a clear mind and a puzzled mind makes in a person's attitude towards life.

Later when he came down from the elevator, he was a different person from the person which went up on the same elevator about half an hour ago.

Chapter Fourteen

The city lay dark and secret in sleep, and far away the water reflected the brightness of the moon. The cool breeze swirled in from beyond, soothing the Joel's body, and once again he felt a surging of movement with him. The night was sweet in tenderness, and the breeze caressed Joel's body until he was cool with love and feeling. Brightly, against the velvet blackness of night, the stars glistened out, and a new and tranquil peace settled over the night. The power of life was evident everywhere, in the rolling of the placid water, in the twinkling of the stars above, in the wind winding its way through the air. From everywhere it surged forth. The sea was magnificent in silence.

The sky, the moon, the water of the bay massed together in mutual understanding. How different everything is now, Joel thought. Once, long ago, he came by here, disheartened and tired of life. He had looked down upon the water then, and saw only the mysteries of sadness and death. Now all that was gone, and he saw only a stirring of life beneath the dark water of the bay, a secret movement of life which he understood in his heart, but which he cannot express in words. There no longer is death anywhere, only life. He wanted to be alive and vital, to breathe in a deep breath of pure fresh air, to know the magnificence of the earth in his body. He wanted to live.

In this supreme silence now, the darkness softly caressing him, his eyes bright with life, Joel thrilled again at the secrecy of the earth, at the mere magnificence of being alive, of being able to draw in a deep full breath. Death was so far away now, he started into the silence of time. Somewhere, there was only life today, only life today. After all, death is only death, life is only life, what is there to fret about?

Joel glanced far out into the horizon. He saw the bright lights of the city across the bay. The bay lay in sleep, so quiet and calm, yet underneath the calmness there was life. Even in death there is life, therefore there is no death. The bay stirred with the awakening of life, and watching, Joel felt himself stirred into movement. And swept into this supreme revelation of dreams, Joel felt uplifted. The wind felt cool on his face.

With a new confidence with him, his heart gay and light, he made his way back to the house. And coming into the house, leaving the cool tender night behind him, Joel felt a freedom of joyful living. In peaceful mood he lifted the curtain of his bedroom and glanced over the city. Long rows of houses serene and quiet lay stretching far over the city. How calm everything was.

Moments passed by. Joel felt tender with love.

His bedroom door opened.

"Joel, are you asleep?" his mother's voice called out.

"No, mother," he said.

"I came in to say goodnight," she said, coming close and kissing Joel. His eyes softened with affection. He put his arms around his mother, feeling for the first time a warm affection for her.

"It's so wonderful, mother," he said softly, "I feel so good tonight. I never felt like this before."

She turned around to look at him. "You've been looking much better lately, Joel."

He smiled at her. "For the first time, it's really a joy to live," he said almost inaudibly.

"Goodnight, Joel," his mother said, going out of the room quietly.

"Goodnight, mother."

He undressed and crept slowly into bed. What a joy it was to be alive.

He darked his light, knowing that deep within him he had discovered the power of life. And that no matter what happens, there is always hope and courage.

Chapter Fifteen

The summer night was warm, and the whole land basked in the heat of the hot evening. The car shot rapidly along the country road, the tall dark trees flitting quickly by. Joel glanced out the car's windows. The hills came looming up like a black wave, then gracefully falling away towards the ground. Vivid memories of his days in the country came rushing back to Joel, days of beauty and discovery which he would never be able to forget.

The serene and majestic silence of night settled everywhere, and a new peace came over the land. The blue of the sky was yielding to the blackness of the coming night, while far away towards the horizon a stream of blue was still visible. The stars flared everywhere, forming a dazzling array of designs all over the sky.

Sliding along, staring out of the car's windows, the worries and doubts no longer evident in his mind, Joel knew at last that he had really captured the supreme thrill of living. All the years of his illness had no doubt discouraged him, but they only made this final discovery of life only more sweeter, more tender. There no longer was any fear in Joel's heart now, only confidence and assurance of the future.

How wonderful it all is, he thought. To think of the great change that had come over him thrilled him immensely. It was not so long ago that he was discouraged with life, but

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now it is all so different. He leaned back on his seat, and closed his eyes, relaxing in his comfort.

Victor kept his eyes straight on the road, keeping silent. It was a fine night for a ride. Joel drew in a deep breath. There is nothing he is afraid of now. He had acquired a new confidence, a completely new outlook on life. He was in full possession of the power which was capable of giving him zest and enthusiasm.

The sky began to turn black now. Stars spotted the whole celestial firmament. Joel was swept into the surging of life everywhere. And he closed his eyes knowing that forever he would never be able to be afraid of anything anymore.

Victor turned the car around, coming back the same way he took. The land slipped by quickly.

When they came back to the house Joel was uplifted in thought and in vision.

When his mother saw him she asked, "Why Joel, you look so different tonight."

He answered, "Isn't life wonderful?"

and is in all of its parts, in the same way as the whole.

It is not only in the parts, but in the whole.

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